

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

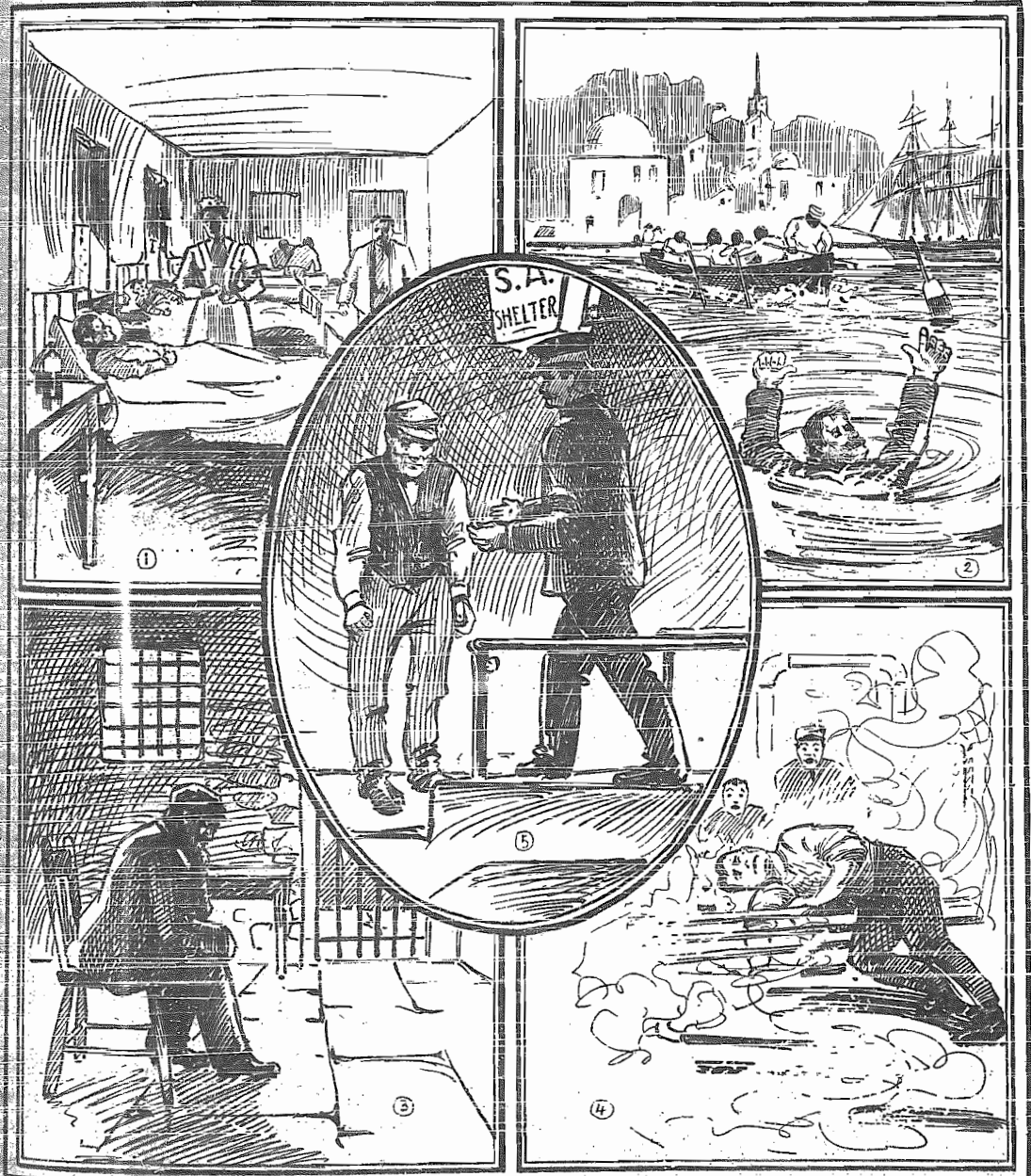
2nd Year. No. 27.

WILLIAM BOOTH  
General.

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1906.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

Price 5 Cents.



A ROLLING STONE.

(See page 6.)

(1) In the Yellow Fever Hospital at Rio de Janeiro. (2) Overboard in Bombay Harbor. (3) Locked up. (4) Burned while lying drunk on steam pipes. (5) Seeking admission to S. A. Shelter, without a coat.

## PRAYING ALWAYS.

When is the time for prayer?

With the first beams that light the morning sky.

Ere for the toils of the day thou dost prepare,  
Lift up thy thoughts on high:

Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:—

Morn is the time for prayer.

And in the noontide hour,

If worn by toil or by sad care oppress,

Then unto God thy spirit's sorrows pour,

And He will give thee rest;

Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air:—

Noon is the time for prayer.

When the bright sun hath set,

Whilst yet eve's glowing colors deck the skies;

When with the loved, at home, again thou'st met,

Then let thy prayer arise

For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:—

Eve is the time for prayer.

And when the stars come forth—

When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,

And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth  
To pure, bright dreams of heaven—

Kneel to thy God—ask strength life's ills to bear:—

Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?

In every hour, while life is spared to thee—  
In crowds or solitude—in joy or care—

Thy thoughts should heavenward flee,  
At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,

Bend thou the knee in prayer!

## A Terrible Companion.

The Roman punishment for murderers was one characteristic of that age. It was a cruel, lingering torture. They would chain the ghastly, grinning corpse to the murderer and shut him in a dungeon. Wherever he moved this fearful object had to be dragged after him, until the wretched man would prefer death to such punishment. Generally it drove them raving mad.

Paul, living and such scenes, applied them to the Christian life. He describes the frantic and ineffectual struggles of a soul which strives to free itself from the hideous sin to which it is chained. The climax is reached in the despairing cry, "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Paul found liberty, and rejoiced in the knowledge that Christ had broken the chain and destroyed the awful sin which dogged his every footstep and hung upon him like the weight of a dead body. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord," he exclaims triumphantly, and then goes on to give us some glorious truths about full salvation.

There are many to-day who are dragging around after them a hideous corpse, to which they are chained by powerful habits. They know it full well, and constantly exclaim, "Oh, wretched man that I am." A young man in a holiness meeting raised his hand for prayer. A comrade went to ask what was the matter. "Oh, it is my awful temper," he replied. "I long to work for God, but I am not a clean vessel and meet for the Master's use. If I attempt to speak or sing or pray or deal with people about their souls, this awful thing within comes by my mind, and I am hindered and held back by it and long to be delivered from it; but I never seem to get what I want."

It was the body of death to which he was chained, and it was causing him horror, because he saw the exceeding sinfulness of sin. God was dealing with that soul, and that is how the Spirit works every time. First, a conviction of sin settles upon the person seeking holiness. They see the sins of their heart

in the light of truth, and cry out, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips." They abhor themselves and repent in dust and ashes, so to speak. There are many steps beyond conviction, however. Some come up to this point and then get frightened and go back, and either drag the old bogey around for the rest of their lives, becoming grumbling discontented professors of religion, or else they openly plunge into sin again.

Those who press on, however, do so under the hope inspired by the Holy Ghost, the glorious hope that they may attain to holiness of heart. The Spirit also convinces men of righteousness, and under His guidance they are led to renounce the cursed thing that hindered, and believe that God cleanses the heart from all sin. Then they consecrate themselves to the Lord, a holy and acceptable living sacrifice, and are able to say with Paul, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

They are free from the cursed dead body—they can shout, and sing, and rejoice, and other poor struggling souls will look to them for help and guidance and cheer, and they will be able to give it.

Are you free? You need not drag that temper, that lust, that pride, or any other evil thing, around any more, for Christ will destroy in you the works of the devil. Will you let Him?

## Sweating in Germany.

It is not very nice to know that the toys which delight the children at Christmas and other seasons are produced at the cost of human suffering. A report in the London Chronicle, however, says:

"The most deplorable state of affairs seems to exist in the toy industry, with its headquarters in the highlands of the beautiful Thuringian Provinces. There, in the midst of the most enchanting scenery, are thousands of men, women, and children at work on an industry whose products are to give pleasure to others, and they themselves are plunged in indescribable want. For the production of most of these articles a high degree of intelligence is required, and a great deal of perseverance, yet there are skilled workmen in Thuringia engaged in this toy industry whose weekly earnings all told do not exceed \$1.50. There are women working from early morning to late at night for \$1 a week. There are children slaving for 37 cents a week. Making all due allowance for the much lower cost of living in the rural parts of Germany, the best that can be said is that these wages scarcely keep starvation from the door.

We are pleased to note that the attention of the Empress of Germany has been called to this state of things. Her Majesty paid a rather unexpected visit to an exhibition of work, and was quite upset on hearing that a woman eighty-one years of age was paid less than a farthing an hour for lace-work, and that for making a hundred tin soldiers on horseback only 40 cents was paid. She repeatedly exclaimed, "Is this possible? What can be done to stop such misery?"

Where Christ reigns in the heart of employers and employed such a system is impossible. No man who was truly regenerated would offer such starvation wages to the people who worked for him. Again we see that the only way to remedy evils is by bringing men to a knowledge of Christ, and that will settle all labor disputes and do away with all sweating systems.

The day is coming, however, when all men will have to give an account of how they have treated their fellows, and the inspired words of James would well apply to many in the present century:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

## THE PRAYING LEAGUE

Sunday, April 8.—First Worshipers of Jesus.—Matt. II. 1-13.  
Monday, April 9.—The Boy Jesus.—Matt. II. 16-23.  
Tuesday, April 10.—Preparing the Way.—Luke III. 1-3; II. 14.  
Wednesday, April 11.—Single Combat.—Matt. III. 13-17; Luke IV. 1-13.  
Thursday, April 12.—Lamb of God.—John I. 16-24.  
Friday, April 13.—Enquiers After Jesus.—John I. 35-51.  
Saturday, April 14.—Jesus at a Wedding.—John I. 1-25.

## A Message From China.

To-day's mail has brought me the name of a new member for our Praying League, Miss Ethel Brooking, for four years my devoted Secretary and helper in the Women's Social Work. Many old friends who knew of Miss Brooking's sweet service at Headquarters will be glad to hear that she is now a missionary in inland China. She writes:

"One day I went with Miss Palmer, who has been in China fourteen years, to see a Christian Chinese who is dying. She read to him and prayed and talked with him about the 'many mansions,' and he said, 'Oh, is it like that?'"

"It seems almost too wonderful that from his poor, comfortless hut of mud and thatch, the Master will take him to the Father's house, and that there in that mean little cottage He watches over this 'brand plucked from the burning' as gently and compassionately as He watches over His greatest saints at home.

"But this is part of the Gospel we have to preach, is it not? And how wonderful it is I never realized it before.

"I am studying most of the time, and am finding the difficulties I so often heard of as meeting the would-be student of this incomprehensible language.

"I had a letter from Miss Naylor (Temple soldier), from Shanghai, a few days ago, and she had had a visit from seventeen Salvation Army officers, on their way to Japan. The Staff-Captain in charge of the party took charge of the China Inland Mission evangelistic meeting one evening, and everyone enjoyed it much. I think it did Miss Naylor good to see them.

"I am interested in the Praying League. I should like my name on the roll.

"For thus the whole round world in every way,  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

## Our Praying League Family.

We are now a large family, numbering several hundreds—soon to number a thousand—and while thinking about you to-day I have been picturing many of you in your own local environments, and I have thought that perhaps some of you would like to have an idea where other members of this praying circle are situated.

Some of our members are thousands of miles from others, some in large cities, and some in lonely, isolated places.

For instance, away in a quiet, secluded spot, in a telegraph office, a Praying League member unites with his brothers and sisters at prayer as the click, click, tick, tick, of his little electric machine transmits the message through his cable station in its passage across the wide seas.

Another is away in a little country district where there is no corps and no Army soldier. But as this brother was one of the Commissioner's soldiers in the Old Land, which he only left a few months ago, he thought he would like to unite with the great praying family.

Another works under the ground mining fuel every day. But from the blackness of the coal pit he mingles his prayer with his comrades.

Others have joined the League who are now searching for the seals on the ice fields of Newfoundland, who later in the season will be sailing broad waters looking for the treasures of the deep.

# The Adventures of a Bible.

A TRUE STORY.

By the Rev. J. H. Townsend, D.D.

## Part I.

ON a dull January afternoon some years ago—the date of this occurrence is written down in an old note-book of mine—a young widow was sitting in her drawing-room looking listlessly out of the window.

It was a fine house in a fashionable Dublin square; the room was handsomely furnished; everything indicated comfort and even wealth, but the possessor looked unhappy.

Mrs. Blake was a Roman Catholic, fervent and conscientious in the practice of her creed, but of late her mind had been burdened with the thought of her sins. Religious practices, penance, and even prayers, brought her no relief; the burden could not be removed.

She had told her sorrows to her confessor, and at his bidding had taken up works of charity; but, though these were an interest and for a while occupied her mind, the sense of her own sins lay heavy on her soul. Her confessor, a kind and attractive young priest, gave her full absolution, but his words brought no comfort.

As she sat musing there was a knock at the hall door, and before she had time to collect her thoughts a visitor was in the room.

"What shall I do to rouse you and get that sad look from your face?"

"Ah, Father John, you are kind and you have done your best, but the burden of which I have told you lies heavy on my heart."

"Listen to me," said he; "I have made up my mind what you are to do. There's a man coming to the Rotunda to-morrow who will make your sides ache with laughing, and you shall go to hear him."

"Oh, Father John—"

"No—not a word! I won't have any excuse—I enjoy it; go you will, and go you must."

The young priest explained that a society entertainer, well known at that period, was to appear before a fashionable audience, and that in his opinion this would be the best thing for her. No protest was of the slightest use; she could not disobey her spiritual adviser, who had even brought her a ticket for the performance, so the following afternoon saw Mrs. Blake at the appointed place, where large placards announced the entertainment which she had been ordered to attend.

The Rotunda, as every Dublin person knows, has more than one public room under its roof; there is the great Round Room, the Pillar Room, and one or two more; there are,

moreover, different entrances. Now, as it happened, Mrs. Blake had made a mistake as to the hour of the performance, and instead of the crowd which she would have seen had she come at the right time, she noticed a little string of persons entering the building; following them she found herself in one of the smaller halls, and sat down.

It seemed odd that no one had asked her for her ticket, but she concluded that this would be rectified later on. There was no time for much thought, as almost immediately a gentleman came upon the platform and gave out a hymn. Then it flashed upon her that she had made some dreadful mistake—she must be in the wrong room, and, worst of all, this must be some Protestant meeting into which she had unfortunately found her way. Mrs. Blake was shy and sensitive; to go out of the place in the sight of all assembled was to her an impossibility. What should she do? She determined to slip out at the close of the hymn, for by so doing her action would be less likely to attract notice.

This she tried to do, but in her anxiety to be quick she knocked down her umbrella violently, and the noise which it made was so great that many turned round to see the cause. Poor Mrs. Blake, terrified at what she had done, sank into a chair and almost wished that she could fall through the floor.

Now there was a deep silence, and then one voice, that of the man on the platform, was heard in prayer. She could not help listening, as she had never heard anything like this before; it was so unlike the "Hail, Marys," and other prayers in her books of devotion. The man was so reverent, but he seemed so happy as he prayed; this struck her as most extraordinary.

The prayer ended, and the speaker announced that he would read a passage of Scripture on the "Forgiveness of sin." The very subject, of all others in the world, that she longed to hear about! Come what may—let Father John say what he liked or do what he chose—she meant to listen to this.

The first eighteen verses of the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews was read, and the speaker, in a simple way, expounded the teaching until it became clear as daylight. The one sacrifice once offered; the free and full forgiveness granted to those who ask for it in His name; this, illustrated by several other passages in the New Testament, formed the subject of the discourse.

As the thirsty ground drinks in the summer rain, so did this poor soul receive these wonderful truths. She had never heard them before, but now they flowed into her inmost being and she longed to hear more.

The speaker ceased, and after another prayer the meeting broke up.

Mrs. Blake felt that this was the opportunity of her life, so, summing up all her courage, she went to the edge of the platform and asked the gentleman whose words she had been reading.

Surprised at such a question he came down, and was at once pined with so many inquiries that he offered to write down references for her to study at home. When, however, he learned that the lady had never possessed a Bible his interest was keenly aroused.

"I will lend you mine," he said; "read the marked passages in the pages which I will turn down, but let me have it back in a few days; it is the most precious thing that I have."

Mrs. Blake thanked him warmly, and hastened home with joy in her heart and a new light in her eye; how different a being from the disconsolate creature who, a couple of hours previously, had found her way to the Rotunda!

For the next few days everything was forgotten but her new treasure; she read and re-read the marked passages and many others, too. The light shone into her understanding; the burden long weighing on her conscience rolled away into the open grave, and the peace of God filled her heart and mind.

Now the time had come for the Bible to be returned. Once more she was deep in her new study and so engrossed in thought as not to notice a ring at the hall door. Someone entered her sitting-room and her confessor stood before her. He noticed two things: an embarrassment in her manner, and at the same time a restful calm in her eyes to which he was a stranger.

"What has happened to you?" said her visitor. "I haven't heard how you liked the entertainment, and as I didn't see you at mass last Sunday I thought you might be ill."

Taken aback by the suddenness of the whole thing, Mrs. Blake lost her self-possession. She had intended to keep the matter secret for a time at least, but now she was off her guard, and with the simplicity of a child she told the whole story—the mistake of the room, the attempt to go, the words spoken, the book lent, and, last of all, the joy and peace that filled her heart.

With downcast eyes she spoke, but when she glanced up, her spirit froze with terror at the look of the man before her. It was black with rage! Never before had she seen such fury depicted on a face.

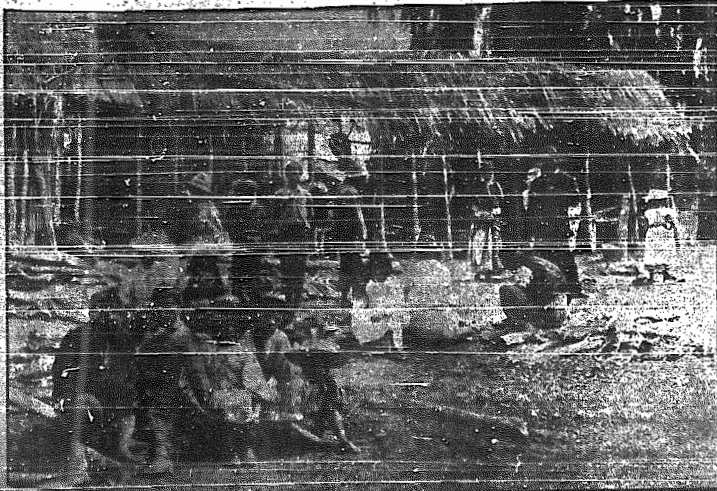
"Give me that book!" he said hoarsely. "It isn't mine!" she cried, vainly attempting to stop him.

"Give it to me," was the reply, "or your soul will be damned eternally; that heretic has nearly got you into hell, and neither he nor you shall ever read the book again."

Seizing it as he spoke he thrust it into his pocket and, giving her a fearful look, strode out of the room.

The lady sat as if paralyzed—she heard the hall door shut, and something in her heart seemed to shut also and to leave her alone in her terror. That awful look searched her through and through; only those who have been born and brought up in the Church of Rome know the nameless horror which their idea of the power of the priesthood can inspire. Then, too, she thought of the gentleman who had lent her his Bible; his address was in it, but she could not remember it and knew not where to write. This was very grievous, but, oh! that look—it was branded on her memory.

(To be continued.)



Views of New Zealand. Praying Kai (food).

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best?—Sutton Smith.

## Sanctification.

By the General.

THE CONDITIONS.—(Continued.)

What is the third condition of entire sanctification?

The actual present surrender to God of the whole man and all we possess.

Will you explain this more particularly?

Yes, gladly, as there are more serious mistakes made on this point than on any other in practical religion.

In order to show you what true consecration or surrender is, please describe that conduct of Adam which has unfortunately made it necessary.

Adam forsook a life of entire and constant service of God, and set up to be independent of Him. He ceased to be a servant of Jehovah, and went, so to say, into business on his own account, as his own master. He gave up living to please God in everything, and started to live to please himself.

What conduct, then, is necessary in order that Adam's successor, who is unfortunately in the condition to which Adam fell, may get back again to the same place in the confidence and favor of God that Adam occupied before the fall?

He must give up being his own master, and living to please and profit himself, and go back to God with all he possesses, much or little, and lay himself at Jehovah's feet, and offer to live wholly to please and profit Him.

What is the great mistake made by many with regard to consecration?

It is not a reality to them. They pretend to give God their all—their children, money, and possessions; their time and reputation; but it is only in imagination, in sentiment. It is not real. God and His cause are no better off after it than they were before; and the next day these people, who said at the altar the previous night that they gave all they had to God, go about acting on the principle that all they have is their own, to be spent for their own pleasure, and their own profit, just as they did before.

## Miraculous Healing.

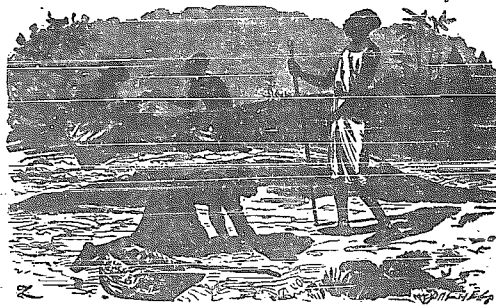
Many people at the present day lay such stress on Divine healing of the body that to them it is liable to become of more importance than the healing of the soul. We believe that a healthy soul—liberated from the awful effects of sin—is of more importance than a healthy body, though in most cases the two are found together. The healing of bodily diseases can now be effected by a clever physician, and even people whose mental equilibrium has been upset can be restored to a comparative state of sanity by the proper means being adopted. Men recognize this fact and train their sons in the art of healing, and build asylums and retreats for the insane in the hope that diseases will be cured and the mentally afflicted restored to their normal condition by the use of every remedy and precaution that human skill can devise. What no human ingenuity can accomplish, however, is the turning of a soul from the paths of evil and re-creating that soul in the image of the Divine. As well might one try to turn back Niagara with the aid of a spade as endeavor to accomplish the task of making a crooked soul straight without the aid of a supernatural power.

We, therefore, hold to the fact that the bringing of a soul out of blind unbelief into the light of faith, out of intestine hatred into a transparent state of benevolence is a far greater miracle than the cure of insanity or heart disease, or anything else from which the human race suffers. The former is a work of God, the latter may possibly be accomplished by human efforts. If we trust God, therefore, to do the greater work, we can also believe that He is quite equal to the task of performing the lesser; but generally we find that God

blesses the efforts of men in the healing of disease rather than performing any miraculous act of interposition. A saying of Dr. Talmage is worth remembering at this point—"Many people are trying to do by prayer what is really a matter of diet."

We hear of many remarkable instances to-day in which God has honored the faith of His people in restoring loved ones to health in a miraculous way. We also hear of many disappointed people who fail to get their petitions heard, and they put it down to want of faith. We believe that God wants us to take proper care of our bodies, and if they get sick to employ proper means for their recovery, and ask His blessing upon it. While we question very much the statement that there are fewer wonderful miracles of healing performed to-day than in the apostolic days, yet we believe also that more wonderful things are inwardly being accomplished upon the hearts and minds of the present generation.

The miracles of to-day are in all Christian lands. There are humble men in all walks of life which have been touched by the Spirit of God who realize their Divine commission, and in co-operation with the Spirit of God, go forth as healers of the souls of men, reproducing in others the image of the Divine they themselves bear.



Licking the Dust.

The world may scoff at their message, laugh at their apparently feeble attempts to deliver it, and even subject the messengers to bitter insult and persecution, but the blind now see, the lame walk, and the lepers are cleansed, and knowing Who it is that cured them, and what a miracle has been wrought in their souls, they endure as seeing Him Who is invisible and continue to pray and talk and plead with their enemies with unflinching faith in the promises of Him Whom they love. They are spiritual wonders.

## THE BIBLE'S GREAT SECRET.

"As literary influence is unexampled. Luther's Bible, given to the German people in the vernacular, had much to do with the formation of the German language of to-day. Our King James' version has been the most potent influence in the shaping of our modern English. Tennyson is steeped in it. Browning delighted in its characters and truths. Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth abound in Biblical allusion. Carlyle finds in the book many an illustration, and glories in its ethical grandeur. Ruskin said it affected his literary style more than any other force. And it has influenced the speech of household and street, as well as the speech of students. As to its literary beauty and its ethical tonic there is no question. These are the

### Surface Treasures.

But they do not explain its place and power. To be content with acknowledging its literary charm and its ethical power is to be superficial. Its secret is that it discloses God. The end of the speech of God has not been reached. But the consummation has been reached in Christ. And the Bible secret is the revelation of God's redeeming love in history and in His Son."

## Licking the Dust.

"His Enemies Shall Lick the Dust."

A traveler in Africa describes a queer custom amongst a tribe called the Egbas. If two persons meet, the inferior performs an elaborate ceremony by way of salutation. Any burden that may be carried is placed on the ground, and the bearer proceeds first to kneel on all fours, then to prostrate himself flat in the dust, rubbing the earth with the forehead and each cheek alternatively. The next process is to kiss the ground, and this ceremony is followed by passing each hand down the opposite arm. The dust is again kissed, and not until then does the saluter resume his feet. It is calculated that at least an hour per day is spent by every Egba in either rendering or receiving homage.

In Dahomey likewise the writer says: "When anyone, no matter what may be his rank, presents himself before the king, he goes through a ceremony called 'Itte dai,' or lying on the ground. He prostrates himself flat on his face, and with both hands shovels the dust all over his person. He also kisses the ground and takes care when he rises to have as much dust as possible on his lips,

Face, hands, limbs, and clothes are equally covered with dust, the amount of reverence being measured by the amount of dust.

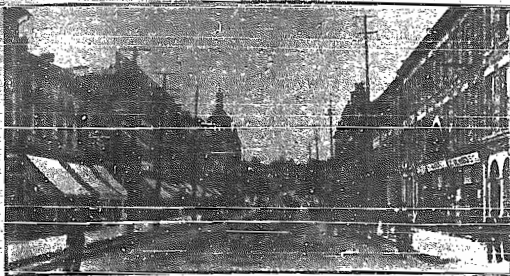
Thus to the native mind the idea of "licking the dust," so repulsive to civilized beings, is the highest mark of respect which can be paid to their king or acquaintance.

The words of the 72nd Psalm were prophetic of the glory of Solomon's kingdom, which was a type of the Kingdom of Christ. As Solomon's reign excelled all others, and the Jewish people rose to a height of prosperity in his time which has never since been equalled, so the coming reign of Christ will excel that of any earthly monarch. It will be a reign of righteousness, and peace, and great glory, when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, when the spears shall be turned into pruninghooks and the swords into ploughshares and the nations shall not learn war any more, and the glorious Lord shall be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams.

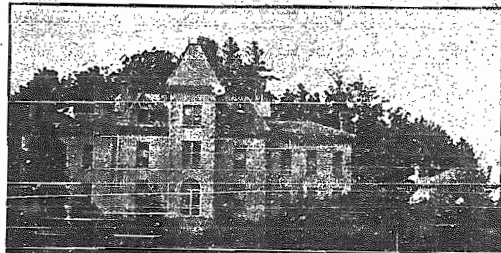
That will be the time when "His enemies shall lick the dust." Many of us used to be enemies of Christ, but we have learnt to love Him, and gladly bow low in the dust to render Him homage. He has accepted our homage and raised us up out of our sins and made us sons of the great God. Furthermore, He has commissioned us to go to all nations and peoples to spread the good news of pardon and salvation for all and offer terms to the rebellious children of men. To us He has committed this glorious ministry of reconciliation and we are to go forward to conquer and subdue His enemies until they, too, shall learn to love Him and "lick the dust."

The weapons by which we are to accomplish these mighty deeds are, as Paul says, "Not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." The weapons of kindness, patience, holy example, tact, and unflinching perseverance will eventually prevail over the baser and sordid, cruel and treacherous arms of the enemy. Then even they who dwell in a spiritual wilderness—wild, untrained, unconquerable—shall bow before Him, and His enemies shall "lick the dust." That is to say, they will be conquered by His truth and love, and no longer dwell in the wilderness, but joyfully enter Emmanuel's land. They will no longer be at enmity with God through holding on to a "carnal mind," but in deepest humility will bow at His cross sue for pardon, and ask Him to destroy them the works of the devil.





Main Street, Galt.



General Hospital, Galt.

## Galt's New Citadel.

**A**BOUT seventy miles west of Toronto, on the hilly banks of the Grand River, lies Galt. As its name suggests, it is a "Scotch Town," chiefly peopled by the sterling descendants of the Northern Kingdom, and consequently it is a thrifty place. Two railroads have a station there, and the town supplies splendid water power to its manufacturing concerns, among which are flour and oatmeal mills, lumber mills, woolen and knitting factories, and ironworks. It has a population of about eight thousand.

The Salvation Army opened fire here in the early days, it being the twenty-ninth Canadian corps. Its early days saw a wonderful revival, the effect of which lives to-day in the churches, which received many converts from it. A great barn-like barracks was built under the heat and excitement of the moment, which, when the novelty of the Army and its methods were worn off, and the work had to be consolidated, proved much too large, and was a huge expense to light and heat comfortably.

Finally an opportunity presented itself to dispose of the property, and it was decided to erect a new building. Some unfortunate delay was caused in realizing this project, but finally the building proposal was accepted and the work pushed ahead as speedily as possible.

On Sunday, March 11th, the General Secretary, supported by the Provincial Officers, opened the new building. Dr. Thompson, the Mayor of Galt, presided at the opening meet-

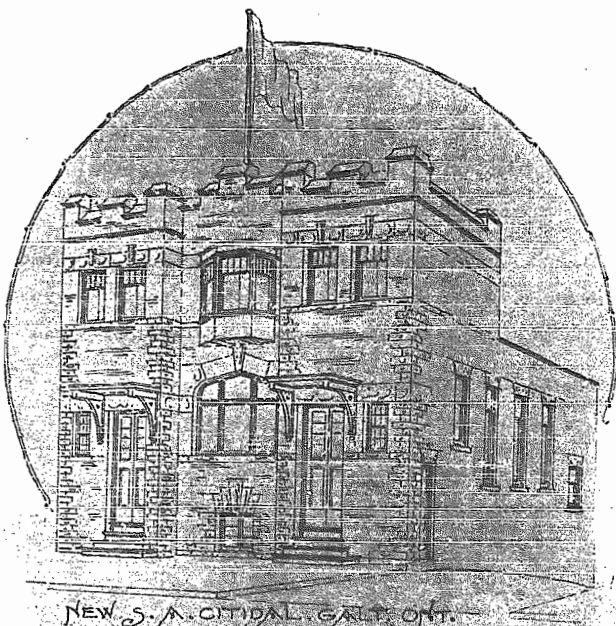
ing, and in his remarks made some very appreciative remarks about the work which the Salvation Army had accomplished in Galt. The frequent applause by the audience showed that the public of Galt is one with their Chief Magistrate in rightly valuing the Army.

The churches also showed their sympathy by such representatives as Dean Ridley and

the Rev. Drs. King and Dixon, all of whom had some kind words to say about our work.

The Brantford band came over for the occasion, and helped to enliven the proceedings by their excellent music.

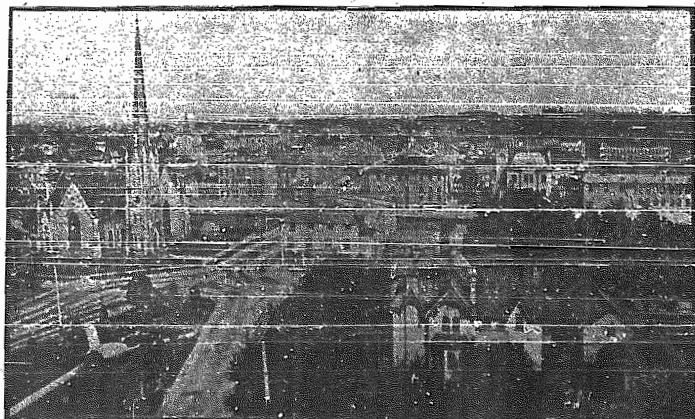
The citadel is a very pleasing building and meets the needs of the corps. The officers' quarters are located upstairs. May the new hall be the birth-place of thousands of precious souls.



NEW S.A. CITADEL, GALT, ONT.



Captains Thompson and Gilbert, Galt.



General View of Galt, Ont.

# A Rolling Stone.

A Trophy of Grace of the Halifax Shelter.

(To our frontispiece.)

Louis ———, age 38, who speaks eight languages, has been a wanderer from God for twenty-two years, during which period he traveled round the world several times. He had many hairbreadth escapes from death, amongst which may be mentioned the yellow fever, in Rio de Janeiro, in 1893, when 600 sailors died in one day; but he was mercifully saved. On another occasion he fell overboard in a drunken condition, at Bombay, India, and was fished out by the police more dead than alive. The last escape, which incidentally led to his conversion, was during a voyage from Quebec to Halifax, which occupied three days. During that time he consumed twelve bottles of Holland gin, then fell asleep on a steam pipe. His shipmates smelt something burning and went to find out the cause, when they found Louis with his clothes burnt through and his thigh badly scorched. Only for the timely aid he would have been roasted to death. On arrival at Halifax more drink was procured, which ended in a brawl, during which one of the other seamen was wounded. Louis was locked up on suspicion of having caused the wound, but after having been retained for nineteen days he was discharged as innocent. During his incarceration he came into contact with the officers of the Rescue Home, Capt. Thomas, Lieut. Miles, and Convert Sergt.-Major Jones, of Halifax I., who reasoned and pleaded with Louis and pointed out to him the awful danger he was in of not only losing his body, but also his precious soul.

When he got his release he found his ship gone, and he was left penniless and without clothes. He had not even a coat to his back. He felt deserted indeed, and bitterly regretted the folly that had led him to such an awful plight. Making inquiries for the Army people he was directed to the Shelter, where, under the merciful guidance of God, the wanderer was brought to realize that he had a Friend left yet.

The writer of this will never forget the Sunday morning he first saw him, at one of the beautiful services which are held every Sunday morning, led by that lover of souls, Ensign Parsons. How he drank in every word that was said, and how, when the invitation to yield was given, he rushed to the penitent for a, and cast himself on the mercy of God and his Saviour, Jesus Christ. It was a never-to-be-forgotten time. There was music in heaven, and joy in our hearts, as the precious soul realized the Saviour's love. We wrestled with God, and the victory belongs to

Him Who is able to deliver and who "saves to the uttermost."

Now everything is changed, Louis is happy and well saved. A few of the comrades rallied round him and saw that he was made comfortable. Through the kindness of a great friend of the Army, a situation was given him; and so pleased is his employer with him that he has raised his wages twice. Louis himself may be seen any time now in full uniform, with a real saved smile on his face. He never misses giving his testimony, and speaking out against that great destroyer of souls—strong drink. We do indeed praise Him, who has enabled us to be the humble instruments whereby this real "brand has been plucked from the burning."—Sergt.-Major T. J. J.

## To Feed School Children.

Bill to Provide Meals for School Children  
Endorsed by the British House.

No newly-born party in any Parliament of recent times has so quickly, so persistently, or so effectually asserted itself as the bowler-hatted, workaday clothed band of earnest, determined, zealous men who at present share benches below the gangway with the Irish Nationalists," says a newspaper man. The Labor members have become the sponsors of the Bill to provide meals for the school children.

### Starving Little Ones.

"We must do something for these starving children," urged Mr. Wilson, the mover of the second reading. "People may talk about the thriftlessness of parents, but it is not the fault of the children that they are here."

Mr. Wilson is a Labor member, who defeated Lord Stanley at West Houghton (Lancashire). A carpenter by trade, he is a shrewd-looking youngish man. A running fire of cheers rattled from every quarter of the House as he presented the case of "the human weeds" among the juvenile population of the country.

"If," he affirmed, "we could arrest the physical deterioration due to the underfeeding of school children, we should do something of signal benefit to the nation in the future. This want of sufficient nourishment is also, in my opinion, responsible for a great deal of mental impairment, and we should save the expenditure involved by the adoption of this measure in the reduced number of workhouses and lunatic asylums."

"Charity!" he exclaimed, in ringing accents of contempt. "We have relied upon charity too long."

The vigorous outburst of cheering swelled in volume as he asked the Government "in the name of humanity and Christianity to help the starving little ones."

In contrast to the rather flam-buoyant, but effective speech of the Lancashire Labor member, came the quiet studious and deliberate manner of Mr. Herbert Paul, Oxford man, barrister, and historian. Speaking from the Government benches, he heartily agreed with the contentions of the ex-carpenter.

"To teach a starving child is torture," he asserted. "Free meals would be no more demoralizing than free education."

Labor echoed the same sentiments in the person of Mr. A. Henderson, who, having worked as a moulder, spoke sympathetically of the difficulties which even the most thrifty parents experienced in finding adequate food for their offspring. "The children of the nation," he said, "are one of the nation's most valuable assets."

A typical labor speech was that by Mr. Jowett, the representative of his native town of Bradford. Mr. Jowett was formerly a factory operative; he has now the air of a student. A distinct trace of the Yorkshire accent, with its high, strident tones, rather aided a realistic description of the conditions of life in a Bradford mill-worker's home—or "wooker" as he pronounced it. Mr. Jowett pictured the hungry "bairns" in the fireless kitchen while "the father stands at the mill gates, with his wan, pinched features, waiting to see if it will suit the overseers to set him on." Taking "good times with slack," Mr. Jowett fixed the weekly wage of such a man at 16s. "How can he feed his children on that?" he asked. "But they are to be fed if we are to keep our lead among the nations of the world."

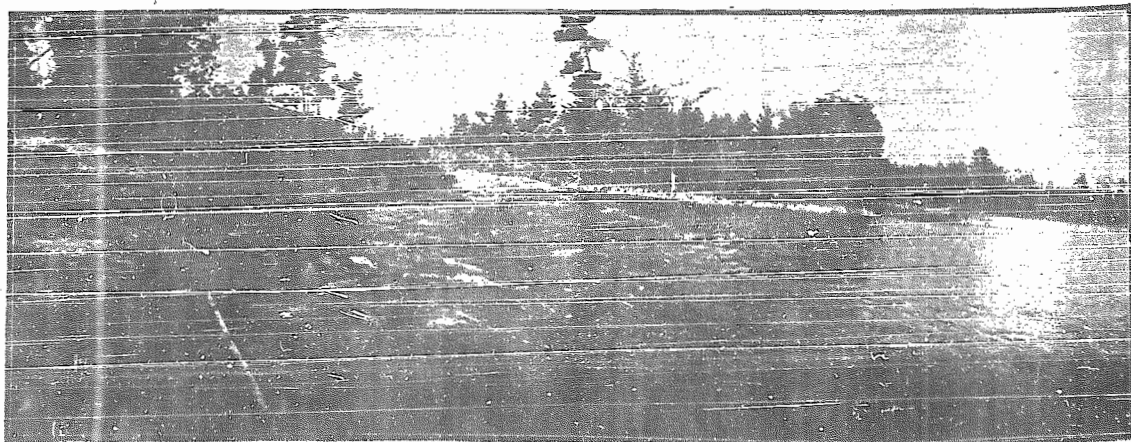
The second reading was passed.

## THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

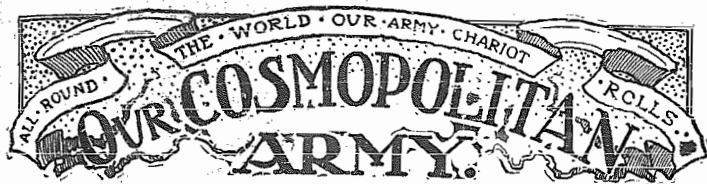
When we are most discouraged, there are still things to be thankful for. Here is a little list of some of them:—

- For the hope that right shall triumph.
- For the lifting of the race.
- For the victories of justice.
- For a coming day of grace.
- For the lessons taught by failure.
- Learned by humbleness and pain.
- For the call to lofty duties.
- That will come to us again.
- For the hope that those who trust in God Shall not be put to shame.
- For the faith that lives in all the world.
- O God, we praise Thy name!

Every time you have an impulse towards the good, every time you catch sight of wider truth, God is giving you the opportunity to know and to trust Him—if you refuse it, it goes by, and you are left in darkness to talk cynically about all ideals; if you take it, you see God, you believe in progress, endless progress, you feel surging into you the power of an endless life.



Pictureque Scenes Like this are Found in Abundance near Orillia, Ont.



## The Great Western Congress AT CHICAGO.

500 Officers Greet the Commander—Several Promotions.

Our comrades in the vast Western States have just concluded a mighty series of meetings, dignified by the name of "Congress," at Chicago, which has without doubt marked a new epoch in Salvation Army annals of that country.

Some five hundred officers were assembled under the able direction of Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey and his entire Western Staff. The Orchestra Hall was the centre of attraction, and for one memorable, blessed day Commander Miss Booth visited, cheered, and inspired her Western troops. Colonel Peart also received a hearty welcome.

Sunday's campaign led by Commissioner Kilbey, is described as a great soul-battle, which, thank God, resulted in ten blessed captures, amongst whom was a doctor who, through sin, had drifted down to penury and want.

The officers' meetings were times of deep inspiration, with promise of future fruit-bearing.

Lieut.-Colonel Addie says: "This series of Congress meetings, both officers' and public, is the best I have ever been in."

Before leaving the platform in the Orchestra Hall the Commander, in the General's name, promoted our worthy comrades, Majors Kimball and Debin, to the rank of Brigadier, and Staff-Capt. Harris, Bourne, and Faulkner to the rank of Major, to the manifest delight of everyone.

Staff-Capt. Fred Rogers, of the New York National Headquarters, has also stepped up the ladder, and will be known as Major.

Mrs. Brigadier Stillwell is the champion for the number of siege meetings in connection with the Chicago Territorial Headquarters. For twenty-one nights running she led salvation meetings at the Clark St. Slum Post, during which time forty-two souls professed conversion, and twelve new slum soldiers were enrolled.

The revival fire, which has been burning all round the Chicago Province, continues unabated. Everywhere corps are having wonderful awakenings and adding to their rolls bright, promising soldiers.

This is the record of a week-end at Chicago recently visited by Lieut.-Colonel Marshall: 100 were present at knee-drill; 140 in the open-air meetings on Sunday and Monday, with no other corps uniting; \$21 given in cartridges for the week-end; 23 saved for the two days; 18 recruits, sworn-in, and the crowds simply packing the hall at each meeting. The Colonel's visit this week-end has been an incentive to still greater things. He states that he never realized a better spirit and more fire at the old Rink corps than that now manifested.

### NOTES FROM JAPAN.

Colonel Bullard, who is in charge of the Army's operations in Japan, says of that interesting country: "There is a very great change in the attitude of the people towards Christianity generally, and it has never been so easy to get converts. There seems to be

nest enquiry in existence which has never before manifested itself."

Sixty Cadets are now able to be accommodated in the enlarged Training Home at Tokio.

A Labor Bureau has also been established in the city, as well as other Social Institutions.

Commissioner Railton has been dividing his time between the Russian prisoners of war and the students at certain of the Japanese universities, with blessed results.

### COMMISSIONER RAILTON And Others Amongst the Russian Prisoners in Japan.

By Staff-Captain Orr.

We first visited a large hospital ward where we spoke to a good number of wounded Russians, who gathered round us in the recreation

campers of Admiral Rodjestvensky's fleet, and the Commissioner, with the aid of one of their number, who spoke German, had a long talk with them.

The following Sunday afternoon a meeting was held for officers. They sang our songs, which the Commissioner had had printed in German. They also listened attentively to the words of our leader. To us it was a memorable occasion when they sang in deep, solemn tones several of their Russian chants.

These Russians are fine, big men, deeply religious, and strike one as being well suited for Salvation Army warfare. The fact that the interpreter has already been enquiring how he can become an officer of the Salvation Army is not without its significance.

### LIEUT.-COLONEL BRENGLER'S ROYAL AUDITOR AT STOCKHOLM.

In a recent Sunday morning meeting conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Brengle in Stockholm, Sweden, he had the privilege of the presence of Prince Bernadotte, a man of high principle and strong conviction and purpose. Very few know what this man of God has sacrificed in order to follow his Lord and obey his conscience. Second son of the present King and Queen of Sweden, he has sacrificed the pleasures and privileges of Court and social life, and is noted now, not for his social or military or civic brilliance, but as a foster-father of missions, and for his simple, holy, humble life. His princess is equally given to good works and a holy life, and their chil-



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Scott and Family and Major and Mrs. Cuthin, Mid-Western Province, U.S.A.

room, and listened intently to the message of salvation which was translated from English to Japanese, and from Japanese into Russian. The men expressed their gratitude for the Bibles we had brought.

We were next escorted round the various encampments, and had an opportunity of speaking to the Russians at the various points.

We found nearly 2000 men at Fushimi. They were quartered in large Buddhist temples. We had the privilege of addressing the men twice from two large temples. The men stood round us in the grounds with bare heads. They were respectful in their demeanor, and very serious. Again and again they shouted out their gratitude for the Bibles we had brought, and for the words spoken.

Kanazawa was our next camp, which we reached after thirteen hours' traveling. There were 3,000 prisoners, also in temples. When we mounted a form to address them in the temple we were confronted by a veritable sea of faces.

Nagoya was next on our list. Here we had the pleasure and benefit of the company of Commissioner Railton and Colonel Bullard. The Commissioner held meetings in two separate camps; he spoke in German, and was interpreted by a Russian soldier.

Children are being trained for the service of God. He is in strong sympathy with the Army, and manifests it in many ways. The Prince also attended one of Colonel Brengle's meetings on the occasion of his previous Swedish campaign.

### SELF-CONTROL.

Self-control is the only sure means of controlling others. Real self-control is never mistaken for weakness, though loss of control over self is sometimes mistaken for strength. A man is quietly intense in the expressing and carrying out of his purposes is far surer to accomplish his end than the man whose intensity dissipates itself in a violent outbreak of temper. Occasionally a man is found who brings things to pass even though frequently lacking in self-control; let us remember that his power is exerted, not because of that defect, but in spite of it. "The hottest flame does not crackle," says Alexander McLaren, writing of Daniel's "resolution too fixed to be noisy." Violence is usually a confession of weakness. Intensity ceases to be intensity when self-control goes, for intensity is the result of strength compressed, or controlled, into small compass. "In quietness..."





# Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs in London.

VAUDVILLE THEATRE PACKED, NUMBERS TURNED AWAY — HON. A. BECK, M.P.P., IN THE CHAIR AT THE AFTERNOON SERVICE — "SHADOWS OF THE CROSS" AT NIGHT—TWENTY SEEKERS.

By Lieut. Colonel Pugmire.

En route our leaders called at Hamilton for the purpose of inspecting the Rescue Home. Arriving at London they were met by Brigadier Hargrave and Major Creighton, who reported the prospects bright for a successful campaign.

The morning service was held in the citadel, and a goodly number of soldiers and friends gathered. Holiness was the theme. After the male trio, which was composed of Major Creighton, Adj. Morris, and the writer, had sung a consecration song, "I surrender all," the Commissioner launched into his subject, and while hearts were moved by the Spirit's power nine dear comrades bowed in submission to the will of God.

It had been announced that the Commissioner would speak on "The Yesterday, To-Day, and To-Morrow of the Salvation Army," in the afternoon. The Vaudville Theatre had been secured for the service. The Hon. A. Beck, who presided, said, "The Salvation Army is doing more for prohibition than all the laws the Government could enact. When a person is in trouble there is always one place to go, and that is to the Salvation Army. This noble body of workers is doing untold good throughout the land. The results are to be seen all round. The work the Army is doing on the lines of immigration is especially pleasing to the Government. The men being brought out are a splendid class, calculated to make good citizens." Mr. Beck recalled the time when he first saw the Army, more than twenty years ago, on their knees on the streets of a West Ontario town, and ever since

has a friendly feeling towards the movement.

The Commissioner, in his address, referred to the early battles and triumphs of the Army, and we are confident many went away with better conception of the work which is being done for the poor and oppressed.

At night the large theatre was packed in every part, and numbers went away unable to secure seats. The Commissioner gave his popular illustrated lecture entitled, "Shadows of the Cross." There was the stillness as of death while the pictures of Christ were thrown upon the canvas. Then when we saw Him in His dying agonies the silence was only broken by sobs in different parts of the building. It was a remarkable service, and numbers were in tears.

A well-fought prayer meeting followed, when nine came forward to receive pardon for their sins, several of them coming from the gallery.

Adj. Morris was the operator, while the Commissioner, Mrs. Hargrave, and the writer manipulated the singing.

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs conducted a precious little service with the inmates of the Rescue Home, while the writer, assisted by Adj. Morris, Mr. Hart, and the League of Mercy met the prisoners at the jail. Through the kindness of the Governor, this was an extra meeting put on. It was not without results, for two poor men desired salvation.

Our leaders were hospitably entertained by Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave, while their armor-bearers were well looked after by Major and Mrs. Creighton.

In addition to the Indians of B. C. and Alaska, there are large numbers of Chinese and Japanese. These will be in the Brigadier's Province, and it is intended to start salvation work among them.

We must not forget the comrades who returned in the Kensington—Major Morris, Adj. Sims, and Capt. Tudge. They all look first rate. The arduous work on board the ship—in the Labor Bureau, the Ticket and Finance Offices, and in looking after the dispatching of over 1,300 persons on arrival in Canada—has not hurt them, although it was well done and reflects credit upon all concerned.

We regret to have to report serious news concerning Mrs. Brigadier Glover's health, the doctor having ordered her removal from Newfoundland. The rigors of the winter in that Sea Girt Isle, and the fact that our dear comrade's health was not very good when she arrived from the Southern Hemisphere, accounts for the symptoms that have developed. We pray that God will lay His hand of healing upon her and sustain her in this hour of trial.

## Brigadier and Mrs. Howell at the Temple.

(Special.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Howell spent a very profitable Sunday at the Temple. Excellent audiences attended all the meetings and twenty-two souls came forward. A great deal of interest was manifested at all the meetings, which were of a lively character. Good crowds were noted at the open-air meetings. Affairs seem to move in good shape, as may be judged by the fact that Ensign McElhenny has registered 100 souls during the last two weeks.

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All correspondence to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication or notices, forwarding orders, or notices referring to subscriptions, or search and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Toronto, Canada. All charges, Post Office and Express orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

## GAZETTE

### Promotions—

ENSIGN HOWELL, Riverdale, to be ADJUTANT.

Capt. Tudge, Immigration Department, to be ENSIGN.

Lieut. Emily Lee to be Captain.

Lieut. Hubin Azeeks to be Captain.

Lieut. Ethel LeDrew to be Captain.

Lieut. Eliza Moulton to be Captain.

Lieut. Joseph Galway to be Captain.

Lieut. Charles Robinson to be Captain.

THOS. B. COOMBS,  
Commissioner.

## The Chief Secretary's Notes.

The Self-Denial Campaign for 1906 is approaching. Last week the Demonstration Department despatched a large number of significant looking parcels of stationery, here, there, and everywhere. Some officers are already bucking on their armor and preparing for the battle.

Self-Denial is the antithesis of self-indulgence—the highway of Christian perfection. The coming Self-Denial season will present an opportunity for extraordinary sacrifice and devotion. How much the Army owes to its past Self-Denial campaign can never be told. The money raised has only been a part of the benefit; the real effect has been to thrill the organization with new and holy aspirations, which have been felt from centre to circumference. May the coming season be more powerful than its predecessors.

The announcement in last week's Cry of the farewell of the Editor came as a genuine surprise. Lieut. Colonel Friedrich has been identified with the Army for many years in Canada, we might well have thought that he was established. The Colonel was saved in the Army in Canada in its early days, and has had a long and useful career in various departments of Headquarters and Field work. He will be missed around Headquarters. The transfer of a Canadian officer to a European country must be a gain to the latter, and we are sure the Colonel will not let Canada down, wherever he may go. More anon.

Staff-Capt. Kerr left Toronto last week to take charge of Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. The new Hospital will be opened shortly. The Staff-Captain will be fully employed during the next few weeks in making the necessary preparations. It is a great responsibility—the largest and most complete Army institution in Canada, perhaps out of Canada for that matter. The people of Winnipeg may well be satisfied with it.

Adj. Hicks is still very weak, and unable to proceed to her new appointment. This is a matter of much regret. Several other Rescue Officers are away from the front of the fight owing to ill-health, which naturally gives Mrs. Coombs considerable anxiety. Comrades will do well to pray for their speedy recovery.

Officers are needed for the Social and Rescue work. Volunteers are necessary—men and women who have the Christ Spirit; who are consecrated to the ungenial. If Christ came to Canada He would probably be found among the very people who form our Social

constituency. Those who go to the worst are truly following in their Master's footsteps, and will have a sure reward. Officers who are, or have been, prompted to offer themselves for the Rescue Work, or soldiers willing to become Sergeants, should not held back, but write at once to Mrs. Commissioner Coombs, at Headquarters.

The results of the recent campaign are not yet tabulated, but will be complete shortly. There were many battles for souls fought throughout the Territory, and many trophies of grace are found to-day rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ as a wonder-working Saviour—a result of the campaign.

The East-Ontario Province is making progress: Two new corps are reported. Carleton Place has been successfully opened and many souls have been saved. Brigadier Turner is full of expectation and hope that the victories won are only the beginning of a great work in the District.

Major Rawling, who is tawelling from the B. C. Division, has done very well during his few months sojourn in the West. It has been decided to amalgamate all the work of the Coast into a Province, hence the change. The Army work there is somewhat comprehensive. There are the ordinary corps, Social, and missionary enterprises, and the fascinating campaign on the Klondike. The Indian Work has yet problems to be solved.

The Commissioner has given up Brigadier Smeeton for this particular opportunity. He has had much experience in Canada—is a kind of living encyclopedia of information—has a resourceful mind, and will, we believe, succeed in what must of necessity be termed a difficult undertaking. Mrs. Smeeton is a good helpmeet, and will prove a blessing to the women of the West.



# The General's Glasgow Triumph.

FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE CROWD GLASGOW'S GIGANTIC COLISEUM  
THREE TIMES TO HEAR THE GENERAL—SIR SAMUEL CHISHOLM'S ELOQUENT APPRECIATION—MAGNIFICENT TOTAL OF  
196 SEEKERS.

In 1869, General and Mrs. Booth paid their first visit to Scotland, and we are told that "it was with some degree of wonderment and trepidation that they looked forward to the result."

On that occasion the first Salvation Army meeting ever held in the Northern Kingdom was conducted by our leaders in one of the lowest slums, in a dull, dingy, dirty-looking loft which had served at one time as a chapel. It had a rickety pulpit at one end, a narrow gallery round three sides, and accommodated some five hundred people.

Then a loft! Now one of the largest and most magnificent palaces of pleasure in the kingdom—the gorgeous Glasgow Coliseum—and three audiences, each of four thousand souls! Then hidden in a slum! Now exalted; honored by the rich, and blessed by the poor.

As we listened to the glowing appreciation of Sir Samuel Chisholm, and witnessed the immense enthusiasm aroused by the General's lecture, our mind recalled the first Scotch Salvationists we had ever seen. Even now we could point out the exact spot of muddy roadway where he lay, while one rufian kicked him and another kicked his corner!

To-day there is probably no country in the world where the Salvation Army is more loved and esteemed by all classes; our leaders more honored, or our operations more effective in saving sinners.

## "A Terrible Crowd"

In most cities the morning audience would have been considered enormous even for a night meeting. A brither Scot, on catching his first glimpse of it from the platform was entirely at a loss for an adequate adjective.

"It's a terrible crowd!" he said lamely. Then, as though conscious that his description did not do his theme justice, he added, "It's simply awful!"

But if the morning audience was surprising, that of the afternoon was staggering in its immensity. There was not a vacant spot even of standing room anywhere.

The General's reception baffled description. Four thousand heads and eight thousand hands reached toward the best-loved man in Scotland—and the greatest. As true a hero as ever trod the soil of this Land of Heroes, our leader stood forth as the Champion and Prophet of the Day, and Scottish hearts welcomed him with round after round of enthusiastic, almost passionate cheering.

On the platform were over a hundred prophets, bachelors, doctors, merchants, and other prominent citizens.

Sir Samuel Chisholm, Bart., LL.D., presided, and in a speech of rare vigor and eloquence said there were three kinds of genuine and successful reformers. First, there were the men who assert facts relating to the evils that exist, and lay these facts before the people. Second, there are those who shut themselves in their auditing striving to devise a means whereby the terrible evils revealed by the facts may be remedied or removed. Thirdly, there are those who go out and do the hard work.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Sir Samuel, "General Booth and the Salvation Army embrace all three." (Applause.)

"No man, living or dead," he continued, "has plumbed the depths of social misery more carefully and accurately than General Booth. No man has a more reliable knowledge of the true condition of our people than has General Booth." (Applause.)

Just before he (Sir Samuel) had left home, Lord Provost Bilsland had rung him up on the telephone and expressed his deep personal disappointment at being unable to be present. The Lord Provost desired also to express to the meeting, and to the General his warm appreciation of the magnificent work which General Booth and the Salvation Army were doing in the land, and in the world, and his great, deep and warm personal respect for the General himself. (Great applause.)

## Good and Wonderful.

That the audience enjoyed the General's lecture is putting it far too mildly. Our leader's eloquence and the amazing facts which he unfolded fascinated and amazed them. They laughed and shouted with pleasure at his humor; clapped and clapped again as he told them of Army triumphs at home and abroad; or of the achievements of the emigration scheme; and gasped with astonishment at his facts and figures.

"Good old man!" they had shouted when on five nights last week a courteous management announced the General's meetings to music-hall audiences. "Wonderful old man!" they whispered among themselves as they left the building on Sunday afternoon.

## Impressive Spectacle.

Never have we seen a more impressive spectacle than that presented in the Coliseum at night, when that magnificent edifice was literally packed with humanity. And just the class of people, too, that the General especially seeks to reach. Two thousand, moreover, were unable to get in.

We had spent three hours the previous evening in the streets of this the Second City of Great Britain. Shades of the "Cottar's Saturday night!" Never had we seen King Drink hold carnival with such shameless effrontery.

The sinner gets condemnation and salvation "hot and reeking" from the General. The homeless drunkard who lives in the doss-house; the man in the broadcloth who takes a "wot drappie" for his stomach's sake, and the other "respectable" unconverted man who does not drink, are all shown to be in the same danger of hell fire if they do not forsake sin and serve God.

Four thousand people, among whom men predominate by two to one, are brought, whether they will or not, before the Bar of Divine Justice. The General becomes at once the mouthpiece of Jehovah's wrath and of a Saviour's dying love.

This is not the usual "the Lord's my Shepherd, I shall not want" religion! It is red-hot, and it shocks, startles, and alarms every man and woman it touches.

God or Satan—whom will you serve? Heaven or hell—where will you spend eternity?

The attention throughout has never wavered for a moment. The great crowd are electrified; held spellbound by the General's eloquence and dreadful urgency of his message.

The tremendous impression that our leader had made was strikingly evident as soon as Colonel Lawley gave the invitation. Weeping penitents came rushing out from all over the building, even from the farthest gallery. The prayer meeting begins with a remarkable scene of spontaneous surrender. It is at times difficult to keep count of the penitents; they come not singly, but in half-dozens, and by 8.10 p.m. there are eighty-five sinners at the cross.

## Procession of Penitents.

The first man to come to the registration-room was a well-dressed, but trembling drunkard. He was a fisherman, and on Thurs-

day last, unknown to his wife, he sold his boat and his fishing-lines at a seaside town, and made his way to Glasgow, where he has succeeded in squandering all his money in drink. But for hearing of the General's meeting he says he would have committed suicide. To-morrow he returns to his wife determined to become a Salvationist.

The next is as fine a specimen of the stalwart Scot as we have seen during our visit. Formerly a non-commissioned officer in the army, he wears two medals won in battle. Twelve months ago he started reading the War Cry, since when he has never missed an issue. Thus he became a Salvationist by conviction, and coming to the meeting this morning he has given God his heart, and will be linked up with a corps.

A woman who has been a backslider for twenty years, is followed by a big Highlander "greetin' like a bairn." Then a commercial traveler from Yorkshire; married men with their wives; bonnie, well-dressed lasses and young men of intelligence and promise. Within ten minutes the glorious total has reached fifty, and the registration tables are lined on both sides. Nearly every penitent is desirous of becoming a soldier.

With a swing and spontaneity that stirs the heart the wonderful prayer meeting proceeds, and weeping penitents flow forward. A German finds salvation, and after him a fashionably-dressed Russian refugee, whose sister was recently killed by the Cossacks, and who himself had to flee the country to escape imprisonment.

Although figures cannot by any means tell all, the magnificent total in itself indicates how glorious has been this wonderful Sunday of salvation triumph—196 seekers.—J. P. Y.



Burglars entered the quarters of Brigadier Turner and stole two watches, belonging to Mrs. Turner and Capt. Patterson, and the Brigadier's razor. Whether the Brigadier will now let his beard grow we are not able to say.

Adj't. Blackburn writes: "I have just received word from England of my father's death. He was born in 1828. Mother, who was born in the same year, died two years ago. They have had a family of fourteen children, seven surviving them. Over six years ago they celebrated their golden wedding." Our sympathy is with the Adjutant in his bereavement.

Two weddings have recently taken place at Territorial Headquarters, in the office of Lieut. Colonel Fugmore, all Salvationists. The Capt. married to Eliza Haines of Chester, and Miss Edith Middleton to Bro. Brienkove, of Newmarket.

## Immigration Booming.

Brigadier Howell stated that no less than thirty-two ships will convey S. A. immigrants between the 1st of March and the 31st of May, from the shores of Great Britain to Canada. Among these boats three have been chartered directly by the Army. A fourth ship is now chartered in addition to the above, and is booked to sail on June 14th.

Yesterday (Sunday) the Manitoba brought 200 S. A. immigrants, and a party of forty others arrived on the same day by the Parisian. Out of these 200 passengers were distributed to points in Ontario, fifty to the Maritime Provinces, and thirty went to Manitoba.

Applications for farmers' help are still coming in a great deal more numerous than we can find men. We could place a great many more men than we are expecting to bring out this year.



# GEO FOX

## THE RED-HOT-QUAKER.

[Published in Book Form. Sold by the Trade Department, Toronto, at 15 cents.]

### Chapter VI.

#### Ups and Downs of Quaker Life.

The year that George Fox was confined in Derby jail saw many important political changes. The Scotch had acknowledged Charles II. to be their lawful king, and under him had invaded England. They were defeated on the field of Worcester. The king fled to France, leaving his victor, Cromwell, master of the situation, and, if not exactly king, certainly the greatest man in England.

As soon as George received his liberty, he trudged off, "and went on with the work of the Lord," as though his past year had been but an incident in his experience; vowing to himself that he would pursue that work as never before. On he traveled, through Nottingham and Derbyshire and Yorkshire. At Wakefield, he made three converts, all of whom were afterwards famous in Quaker annals. They were James Naylor, Francis Goodyear, and William Dewsbury.

It was not all plain sailing. At a town called Patrington, he was refused a lodging, and no one would sell him a drink. He spent the night in the open air, under the shelter of some furze bushes. By daylight the crowd of inhabitants had found him out. They dragged him nine miles to another town, and forced him before the justice of the place. Fortunately, this man was sober, a most rare event; and he listened fairly well while George urged him to repent. He ordered him to show his papers and his letters, having a suspicion that he belonged to the king's party. George opened his bundle, and showed all he had, whereupon the justice remarked that "no vagrant had such clean linen," and set him at liberty.

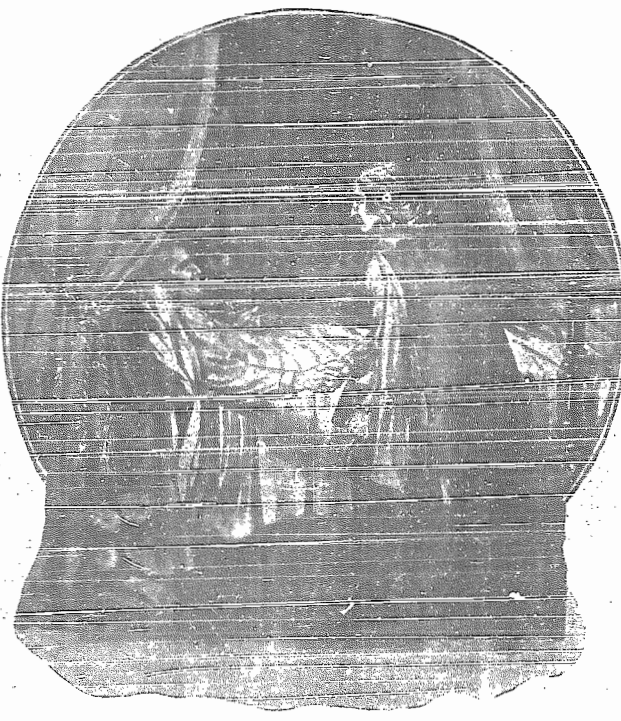
A Doncaster magistrate said if he ever saw him again he'd have his life!

In Tickhill church, the parish clerk took his Bible and struck him on the face so that it bled profusely. Then he was dragged out and beaten and stoned.

All this time the Quaker doctrines were gaining ground, and at every place of any size within the basin of the Trent, or in the northern parts of the Midland Counties, their adherents were so numerous as to be able to form congregations and hold meetings of their own. Out of these rose one and another who felt themselves called to be the ministers of God. These devoted their time to wandering about the country, preaching and teaching, as George had been led to do. Most of them were poor and not very learned, but, nevertheless, they had a marvelous power of stirring men up and reaching their hearts. These men experienced pretty much the same kind of treatment as George; and slowly and surely the persecution increased, and was extended to all who were supposed to be favorable to Quakerism.

This tide of persecution was rapidly in-

creasing. George, together with other of his followers, suffered imprisonment at Lancaster and again at Carlisle. These imprisonments were seasons of missionary labor. Solitary confinement was not known then, and all degrees of vice were thrust into one common dungeon. The Quakers had, therefore, always a congregation. Needless to say, they made the best use of their opportunities. Then, in those days, it was a usual thing for people to visit their friends in jail. If not admitted, they talked with them through the gratings, which took the place of windows. Curiosity led many to visit the Quakers, in



Cromwell caught him by the hand, saying: "Come again to my house. If thou and I were but an hour a day together, we should be nearer to one another."

order to see how they took their punishment, and how their peculiar doctrine stood the test of prison life. Many a one we read of who, coming thus, was convicted of sin and led to a renewal of heart and life.

The suffering of his comrades moved George as nothing else would. As far as he was concerned, he could suffer things; but to see his children—particularly the women—tortured and persecuted was more than he could bear. For their sakes he spared neither trouble nor pains. He boldly forced his way into the houses of those high in office—even into the very presence of Cromwell himself—and into the courts, and there pleaded their cause, telling of the injustice to which they were subjected. What he would scorn to ask for himself, he would sue for those who were, in the truest and holiest sense of the word, his friends.

It would be hard to say that Cromwell's attitude was towards the Quakers. No new laws were made against them, but they were

that were already made were not repealed. George seems to have had a wonderful fascination for Cromwell. He was seldom refused admittance to his presence, and usually gained the particular favor for which he had come. George foretold the protector's death, and he mourned over the foreknowledge that was given him as one mourns over a dearly-loved friend.

The first interview George had with him was in London. Thither he was sent by Colonel Hacker, whom he had told he "should go to meetings when the Lord ordered him, and could not submit himself to his requirements."

"Well, then," said the Colonel, "I will send you to-morrow morning by six o'clock to my Lord Protector."

So to London he went.

As soon as he arrived in London, he wrote Cromwell one of his peculiar and rambling epistles. George's letters always seemed to have the faculty of making something move. In this case, he was landed with Cromwell before that man was up next morning.

"Peace be to this house," said George as he entered the chamber. Then he proceeded to give Cromwell some excellent advice as to his conduct of himself and the nation he had

appropriated. They conversed on different religious subjects. George explained his Quaker views, and answered all Cromwell's questions satisfactorily. Several people coming into the room, George essayed to take his leave. Cromwell caught him by the hand, saying with tears in his eyes:

"Come again to my house. For if thou and I were but an hour a day together, we should be nearer to one another." He also added that he wished him no more harm than he did his own soul.

After he had taken his leave, he was brought into a large hall where the gentlemen of the palace dined.

"What is this for?" demanded George.

He was told that it was Cromwell's wish that he should dine with them. This was considered a great honor. But George replied:

"Tell the protector I will neither eat of his bread nor drink of his drink."

When this message was given to Cromwell, he said:

"Now I see there is a people risen up that I cannot win either with gifts, honors, offices, or places, but all other sects and people I can."

George was allowed to go his way in peace, and heard nothing more of the charges brought against him.

(To be continued.)

### PATIENCE.

Patience is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stills anger, extinguishes envy, subdues; she bridle the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the State, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny, and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us; and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man, and is beautiful in either sex and every age.

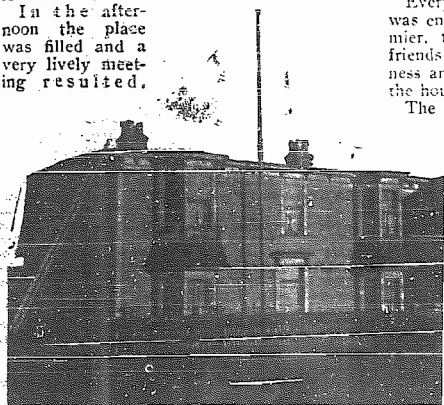
# In Newfoundland in Winter.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S INITIAL VISIT TO THE ISLAND, ACCOMPANIED BY BRIGADIER SMEETON.

## St. John's I.

Sunday morning, at St. John's I. holiness meeting, the audience was excellent, nearly all men. One would travel far and wide to see such a sight. Brigadier Glover opened and introduced the Chief Secretary. Some testimonies from soldiers and officers followed. The Chief Secretary's talk on "Perfect Love" was appreciated, and souls came to the front.

In the afternoon the place was filled and a very lively meeting resulted.



Rescue Home, St. John's, Nfld.

Numbers of our harbor men, enroute to the sealing grounds, testified, who had been great sinners before being converted in the Army. Brigadier Smeeton read and closed a very enjoyable meeting.

## At Night.

The hall was densely packed at night—an audience of no mean character or proportions. The Army has hold of the city and all classes were represented. The Chief Secretary was the principal speaker, giving an address on "God's Three Appointments with Man." It was difficult for some time to operate the penitent form, as the crowd stayed en masse to the prayer meeting. After a while they thinned out and souls volunteered to the penit form. The heartiness and grip of the soldiers and officers were all that could be desired. Brigadier Glover, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris, Adj. Williams, and, in fact, all the staff, worked well.

On Monday night the Chief Secretary gave an address on "Twentieth Century Enterprise," to about seven hundred people.

## The Rescue Home.

A visit was paid to the Rescue Home. It is situated on the top of the hill, a hard climb, but it is a very neat and well-ordered institution. Adj. Ogilvie presides, assisted by Ensigns Mulley and Butler. They have made remarkable changes within the past year, and deserve every credit.

## The Shelter.

The Shelter was being raided by the sealers, who were everywhere, and it was certainly seen at its worst. The officers were working night and day to

supply the needs of the out harbor men, who, no doubt, were deeply grateful.

It was unfortunate that Mrs. Glover was sick. The severity of the winter, compared with the sunny clime of the Southern Hemisphere, added to the care of sick children, has been a little too much for her. The Brigadier also was looking a little the worse for some trying experiences, although otherwise in the best of spirits.

Every moment of the Chief Secretary's time was engaged. What with visits to the Premier, the Minister of Finance, and other friends of the Army, and a big brief of business and interviews, Tuesday afternoon and the hour of departure came all too soon.

The overland return journey presented some new features. The previous train, that left on Sunday night, was reported "stuck up" on the mountains by snow and ice. It ought to have reached Port aux Basque at 9 p.m. Monday night, but it had not reached on Tuesday evening. The ice had frozen upon the rails, and men with pick-axes and spades were requisitioned to remove it—a hard and tedious operation. On Wednesday evening the train had arrived at its destination, having taken three full days to travel 549 miles. It was better on our train. The preceding one had acted as a pilot, and by the aid of a rotary and ordinary snow plough, we arrived only eight hours late. It was well to have journeyed overland by rail at all in the depth of winter. We were informed that two years previously a train, with its crew, were "snowed in" for fifty-two days.

The arrival at Port aux Basque, however, was not to be the end of our experiences, for we had to re-cross Cabot Straits, and ice was reported. The steamer Bruce, as gallant a little vessel as ever sailed, let go about 6 a.m. and headed for Sydney, on Cape Breton Island. For a few hours all went well, and then away ahead could be seen the bright haze that betokens fields of ice. Soon the Bruce was pushing her sharp prow into "slob" ice two

feet thick, and often through fields of ice, which seemed almost impassable. Once or twice she stuck fast, facing piles or hummocks, one on the top of the other, more impenetrable still, but with that pertinacity that ever characterizes the Briton, the skipper would back her off and rush at the barrier with irresistible force, cracking the ice ahead for a hundred yards. The progress was slow

and the course, at times, circuitous—the vessel heading north, south, east, and west, being sometimes "unsteerable" amid the icy obstacles. An argument arose as to her course. One said she was heading north, a n o t h e r south, when an appeal was made to a sailor, whose knowledge of astronomy was evidently rather meagre.

"She cannot be going south; look where the sun is," said one, in reply to the sailor's verdict.

"Oh," said he, "you cannot depend on the sun in these parts."

The Bruce, however, continued to battle against the ice, going further east to get around the mighty flow. It was for a time very exciting, visions of a day or two shut in the ice looming in the mind.

"A seal, a seal" was heard, and all in the neighborhood were attracted to the little creature playing on the ice a short distance from the ship.

The Skipper of the Bruce is a master hand in navigating Cabot Straits, having crossed and re-crossed for many years. He soon had the vessel on the south side of the floe, heading for Sydney harbor, where she arrived, having been ten hours steaming ninety miles. This is a record winter in Newfoundland, and a cause of profound thankfulness that we had made the journey without any mishap, and in comparatively good time.

## With the Bioscope.

The Westerners Enjoy the Moving Pictures.

Just a few lines to let you know that the bioscope party is having big times in the North-West Province. On our way out we visited Huntsville and North Bay, in Brigadier Collier's Division, and had a grand time at both places. At North Bay the bioscope was crowded out and about fifty had to stand at the back. Ensign and Mrs. Mercer worked very hard to make the service a big success, which it was.

After twenty-five hours on the train, we arrived at Port Arthur in a snow storm. Ensign Culbert was on hand to welcome us at 2 a.m., with a good cup of tea. We put in a very nice week-end, with good crowds to the services. Saturday night and Sunday we had very interesting times, with three souls. The people were well pleased with the service of moving pictures.

During the week we visited Selkirk, Neora and three outposts, and had grand crowds.

Next week-end was spent at Winnipeg, L., with a delighted crowd of happy western people. They are all right, and were charmed with the moving picture service. Adj. Alward, an old friend, was chairman for the evening, and made things very interesting. They gave me a proper good western welcome. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Gossie looked well after our needs. By the way, they are having grand times at No. 1, and are more than delighted in their work out West. Sunday we had grand crowds and a good soul-saving time. Six came out for the day, and the income was just about two hundred dollars. Brigadier Larditt and Staff-Capt. Taylor were on hand for the Sunday, and helped to make things interesting. Brigadier Boydell gave me a grand welcome on behalf of his Province, and is doing all in his power to make our visit successful.

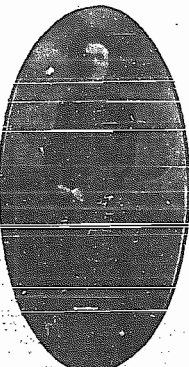
This week we visited Portage la Prairie, Carberry, Brandon, and Regina, and had more than a good time, with crowded halls at every place. The Western people more than enjoy our service. Most all the papers have written good reports about the same.

Envoys Hodges is in his glory, well in body and soul, also your humble servant.—J. S. McLean, Staff-Capt.



Officers of the Rescue Home St. John's, Nfld.

Ensign Mulley. Ensign Butler. Adj. Ogilvie. Lieut. Pidduck.



Mrs. E. Sharman, Springhill, N.S.



# REPORTS.

**BAY BULL'S ARM.** During the three months' Seventeen Souls. stay of Lieut. Monk we have seen 5,000 souls converted. When he arrived we had eighteen soldiers, and now we have twenty-four. Our crowds have increased from 147 to 256 and our marches from ten to sixteen. The soldiers here are in good spirits and well able to do a Newfoundland dance. We are going on in the strength of the Lord.—Susie Read.

**BELLEVILLE.** We are getting on first rate and having some good salvation meetings. Lieut. Morris was called away home on account of her mother's sickness, and Cadet DuFau is also sick. Mrs. Start-Capt. Perry is in charge and is leading us on to victory. God's Spirit is dealing with people here and many are getting saved. (Give particulars.—Ed.) Lieut. Simers was with us on Sunday night. We had a good open-air and a proper salvation meeting inside.—A. Crocker.

**BRANTFORD.** Still moving. God with us. Good spiritual meeting all day Sunday. Good heavy day. Knee-drill, 7 a.m.; junior company meeting, 10; open-air, 10; holiness, 11; J. S. salvation meeting, 2 p.m.; fall service, 1.30; open-air, 2.15; grand free-and-easy, 3; House of Refuge, 3; then evening services, 6.45 and 7.30. Band to the front. We have just formed a singing brigade. Special singing in the evening service. Three souls came out—a woman, a young man, and a boy. Good crowds all day. Finances good. Although the churches commenced great revival services this Sunday (Crosley and Hunter) we had a good, successful day. One of the remarks was heard in the street, "The Salvation Army is sure to get their own customers."—Yours moving on, Stitch, Stitch, Stitch.

**BURIN.** We are still fighting on, with a Stormy Time. God as our leader. Last Sunday night was a time of blessing to our souls. One soul came out and got saved. Amid the storm outside we enjoyed ourselves inside, and God blessed us in a wonderful way. After meeting we came out to go home, but we had to take shelter from the storm in one of our neighbor's houses, and there we spent the night.—Two Tramps.

**CARLETON, N.B.** Things are moving in the right direction in this part of the battlefield. Our siege target is smashed to pieces. Special services were conducted on Sunday by Mrs. Major Phillips, assisted by Mrs. Adj. Thompson, when a recruits were enrolled and seven local officers commissioned. One old man, seventy-five years of age, stood to the front and said, "Captain, I want to be enrolled, and live and die in the Army." This makes a total of eighteen enrolled since the siege commenced. Over sixty souls have come forward since. Capt. White and Lieut. Taylor took charge. Mrs. Phillips was heard to remark, "It's an eye-opener to come to Carleton now," and Mrs. Thompson replied, "Well, well! What a change." To God be all the glory.—R. T. M.

**HALIFAX II.** We have been having some very good times of late, and are still fighting the devil. On Thursday night, March 8th, we held a Trades Union meeting, which was a good success. Although the weather was bad, yet a good number of soldiers turned up for the march, which was a great attraction. Capt. Smith took the part of a miner, and the women soldiers turned out with their wash-bowls and scrubbing-buckets. A good crowd waited the march on its return to the barracks, where solos, songs, and testimonies were given. Each soldier had a place marked out for him on the platform, and when the singing began so did the work. Capt. Smith gave quite a speech on mining, while Sergt.-Major Mills did fine at the printing trade. Captain Wilkes made a real pretty nurse, while Mrs. Capt. Smith and Mrs. Morgan washed with a will. Altogether the meeting was a great success, and we wound up with Staff-Capt. Hodge reading God's Word. Look out for more specials in the future. Scrubbing Testimonial.

**HALIFAX I.** Sunday, 11th, wonderful Colonel Kyle as a Pilot. meetings all day, commencing at 9 a.m., when a number of the comrades met together for an outpouring of God's Holy Spirit. They were not disappointed for God did abundantly bless every soul. At 11 a.m. another rousing good time was spent. We were greatly reinforced by Colonel Sharp, our P.O., Brigadier Howell, of Toronto, and Staff-Captain Creighton. The meeting went with a good swing, the Colonel leading. Brigadier Howell joined us with one of his beautiful messes and the Staff-Captain took the lesson, which was backed by the power of God to many hearts. Ten comrades made the surrender that God required of them. In the afternoon

Brigadier Smetton took hold of the meeting, which was also a powerful one, although no one would yield to the Spirit's pleadings. The evening service was opened by Colonel Sharp, who introduced Colonel Kyle. He received a warm welcome, such as Salvationists only can give, after which he took the helm and piloted us through a soul-stirring meeting. God gave us two souls. Monday night the Colonel led a united meeting at Dartmouth, assisted by Brigadier Howell and city officers. A most enjoyable hour was spent. Many acknowledged their sins and a number requested our prayers, yet no one would yield. We hope by the grace of God to see many of them shortly seeking God's pardon.—Yours in the fight, Sergt. J. M. P.

**HAMILTON, BER.** We are still steadily advancing on the enemy. Some real red-hot Gospel shots have been fired and have taken the desired effect. Five more souls have surrendered since our last report. On Wednesday night, Feb. 28th, we had a special meeting entitled, "Humanity's Benefactor." Notwithstanding the rain poured down in torrents, we had a very good crowd to our meeting, and everything went off successfully. We wound up with two souls seeking salvation. More to follow.—Sec. F. Moore, R. C.

**LIPPINCOTT ST.** Lieut.-Colonel Friedrich gave a very interesting lecture at his Indian Curios. corps on "Indian Converts and Curios." About an hour before the meeting a queer looking crowd was seen parading the streets around the barracks. The Indian Chief, in his gorgeous



Capt. Kinsley and Lieut. MacDuff, Tillsonburg, Ont.

feathers, was leaping and dancing; the medicine man slouched along with his old hat well down over his eyes, and two ghastly looking beings headed the procession, while the drum and a few brass instruments added to the hubbub. Quite a crowd gathered round the open-air, and gave a good chance for some red-hot testimonies to be poured in. The "corps" were exhibited in the barracks before an interested audience, and different objects were described as totm poles, medicine charms, cooking pots, and other things. Then the Colonel gave a thrilling description of the conversion of some of the Indians, and let us gain glimpses of the nature of the work and what self-denial and hardship it involves on the part of the officers engaged in it. The Dovercourt brass band visited us on Saturday night, and quite an enjoyable evening was spent. The Sunday's meetings were good, and enlivened in the evening by the presence of the Cadets attached to the corps. They finished up the day with one soul and a hallday dance.—Corps Cor.

**MONTREAL I.** On Sunday the great week A March to Calvary. of our Self-Denial closed, and a glorious week it has been. Our soldiers have been filled with the Holy Spirit. Great victories have been won. Bless us we say with the Prophet Elisha, "The Lord, He is the God." The band, under our new Bandmaster Dunk, came out in good strength for the afternoon. After playing us to our open-air meeting, they marched to "Calvary Congregational Church" for a musical festival, and were given a free-will offering of \$15 for their Self-Denial Fund. Praise God, Ensign Gilliam was in charge. Sergt.-Major Colley took the remainder of the soldiers and conducted a rallying meeting in the Citadel, having the help of some English Immigrants that came over. Bro. Blewett,

who has caught the Army fever, spoke of a praying mother, and feelingly sang, "My Mother's Prayer." The presence of God was felt by all and although no visible results were seen we believe good was done. In the evening a number of fighting soldiers and officers came to our open-air meeting to have special blessings around us. At the Citadel we had utilize the gallery to accommodate those anxious after their souls' welfare. A number of Old Country soldiers were with us, including two handshakes. The Holy Spirit seemed to hover over the meeting, and we were glad to report the salvation of four souls. God be praised. Our young converts seemed to have caught the fire, and their only hope lay in the special blessings, and God is answering the faith and prayers, to the destruction of the devil in Montreal, for which we give God the glory.—A. Blewett.

**NEW LISKEARD.** We are glad to report that Five Souls. God is using his people at New Liskeard to confound the mighty and point them to the Lamb of God. We have been blessed all through the week in our own souls. On Saturday and Sunday we had in the Kingdom. Good meetings all day Sunday. In the evening Ensign McCann delivered a beautiful and instructive discourse from Matt. xiv. 27. As a result four souls sought and found God. We give all praise and glory to God, who is the giver of all good things. Praying for still greater blessings, I remain under the flag.—Woodchuck.

**NORTH SYDNEY, C.B.** Sunday we had a The Treasurer's Testimony. very important time, from 7 o'clock till late at night. These meetings were to commemorate the 18th anniversary of the Salvation Army in this town. Many of us have been plucked out of sin by the power of God through the Salvation Army, particularly the writer, who has great reason to remember the time when Brigadier Sharp was detained here through sickness, on his way to Newfoundland. At that time the writer made a full confession of his past sinful life, and sought and found pardon through the precious blood of Jesus. Praise God.—Treas.

**ODESSA.** A great banquet was given by the A Big Spread. Salvation Army at this place on March 8th. The brass band gave some good selections, and an excellent feast was partaken of. Adj. Cameron, from Kingston, was present. After the banquet we listened to some solos and recitations in the barracks, with some musical selections in between, and everyone had an enjoyable evening.—One who was there.

**OTTAWA I.** We experience many Five Prisoners Testified. changes in the corps here as time swiftly ticks past. One change is that we are again occupying the Post Office Square, which, through fire, has been closed to us for two years past. It has been a spiritual battleground for many years. Another of our true and faithful comrades, Sister Annie Russell, has said good-bye and gone to Toronto to live. We all wish her success and victory there. The prison work is doing nicely. The second Sunday's efforts with the men were successful. Five of the previous Sunday's converts testified to God's saving and keeping power, and four more came to the rescue of the army. The work among the women is doing equally as well, under the direction of Ensign Hall and her assistants. Lieut. Smith paid this corps a special visit of late, and the corps, by the grace and power of God, has seen many grand victories. Six souls won for God during the past two weeks.—A. French.

**OSHAWA.** The work of God is surely prospering in this town. A few weeks ago, at one of our band practices, a man came in, worse for liquor. Seeing his condition, the boys abandoned their practice and commenced praying for him. They soon saw the man sober down, and had the joy of listening to him pray for the forgiveness of his sins. He has attended the meetings regularly since, always testifying to God's saving and keeping power. The next supper and entertainment brought a good crowd to our hall. The band did themselves great credit. The instrumental duet of Ensignmen Crawford (Jr.) and Drewett is worthy of remark, also the vocal solo from Brother and Sister Hudson. The other items were fully enjoyed. The enrolment of sixteen soldiers on Thursday created great interest. The comrades were called to the platform, to face the congregation while the Captain read over the Articles of War. He explained that each comrade had signed, writing to adhere to the articles. He then gave a speech on the colors. The Captain's wife then said, "I cannot leave the dear old flag," then, in the name of the Commissioner and the General, these comrades were declared to be soldiers of our corps. Each comrade testified, and was presented with an illuminated copy of the Articles of War. All listened attentively. The Captain read and spoke upon, "A duty abounding in the work of the world." The promises made in this meeting, to always abound, should mean mighty results for Oshawa.—E. Jones.

**PETERBORO.** We have had a number of specials here lately, and God has blessed their labors. Asked for. The week last Sunday evening the meeting was led by our old friend, A. St. Jennings, who was started in the work twelve months ago. At present he is in charge of the Immigration Work in Eastern Ontario, having his Headquarters in this

city. The Adjutant led us on in his old style. He spoke very well of the "Will of man," taking for his text Matt. xxvi. 42. At the close of the service we rejoiced over five souls for Jesus. Last Sunday we were again favored with a visit from our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner, ably assisted by Adj. J. J. Ings and Capt. Battick. On Saturday night we tendered them a hearty reception. Bright and early the Brigadier came to the meeting. He drew the net in the holiness meeting a heart-searching time was experienced, the Brigadier putting all to a severe test. God spoke loudly to a good many, and as a result nine came forward for the blessing of a clean heart. At night the meeting was well attended. The Brigadier took for his text Luke v. 8: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Great attention was paid to what he said. He drew the net in his own characteristic fashion, and before the meeting closed we had twelve captures. It was a glorious meeting; everyone kept to their post well. One boy, who is a young convert, was seen leading his brother to Christ. Corps-Cadets were seen among others fishing. We are in for good times in Peterboro. The band was to the front with excellent music. A vast improvement is made in the band of late. The Brigadier is a big man, and does not let the brass to grow under his feet. While here on Sunday he not only led the ordinary meeting, but he also visited the jail, met the Corps-Cadets, held a census meeting, and saw a number of the Candidates. On Saturday night he told us he had asked the Lord for twenty-five souls, and that proved to be the exact number won for God during his visit. Hallelujah!—Cambridge.

**PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.** We have just had a visit from Staff-Captain McLean and Envoy Hodges, with the bioscope. We were delighted and inspired with the entertainment. We had our barracks packed, and the finances were excellent. The Staff-Captain was invited back again most heartily. We have had some good meetings during the campaign of January and February, but it has been hard to get sinners to surrender to God. Since the New Year we have had some really excellent cases of conversion. Praise God. We had an enrolment last month, and intend to have another soon. Our soldiers are getting into uniform, and are real fighters. Our junior work is progressing under the leadership of our new J. S. S.-M. Mrs. Swain. We want to see the children getting saved. We are praying and believing for the free-Tenderfoot.

**PORTRAIT OF GRAVE.** Every night this week we are Ranters New. We have had great joy over seeing souls coming to Christ. Some of them ran over the seats in their eagerness to reach the pentitent form, and when the light dawned upon them, they ran down to their old companions and urged them to come too. Many homes have been made happy by the love of God coming in them. Fifteen sinners have been saved this week. They are real, red-hot sinners now—five of them had been poor backsliders. Praise God for the victory.

**ST. CATHARINES.** We are rejoicing over two more souls for the week. One sister came to Jesus on Wednesday night, and another sister who was a poor prodigal came back to Jesus on Saturday. A new interest is being taken in the Salvation Army since Capt. and Mrs. Laidlaw came to our city. The soldiers are catching the fire, and the whole work is being carried on in a very good condition. We are praying and believing for a great revival in our midst. The young converts are attending the open-air and indoor meetings and are joyfully testifying to the fact that they are blessedly saved through Jesus' blood, and that they are determined to serve God all their days. Hallelujah!—C. M. D., for Capt. and Mrs. Laidlaw.

**SUMMERBIDE.** Capt. Munroe has said good-bye to us, and the Lieutenant has been fighting alone but, nevertheless, God is keeping him faithful through it all. On March 3rd we had Ensign Campbell with us with a magic lantern service, entitled "The Way to Heaven." Lieut. Strothard is going to say the meeting Sunday evening, March 10th. His wife of the Spirit of the Treasurer, is very sick and nearing the valley. We are praying for her, and also for the Treasurer. Sister Greene, who has been on a visit to her mother has returned and taken her place.—A. Wilson, Drummer.

**SMITH'S FALLS.** Smith's Falls corps is in Three More Soldiers. Yesterday for early morning until night we felt much of the presence of God in the meetings. We can truly say that the windows of heaven were opened and the blessing of God did indeed come down. In our holiness meeting one dear brother that we have been praying for for months stepped out on the promises of God and was beautifully saved. In the afternoon meeting we had an enrolment, when three brothers were enrolled, and we believe they are going to make good blood-and-fire soldiers, and that they will be a real blessing and help to the corps. Our officers, Capt. Gibson and Lieut. Thompson, are girls that are filled with the Spirit of God, and when they take a hold of the meeting, God goes with a swing. The girls of Smith's Falls are captivated with them.—Yours for victory, Sec. Halman.

**SYDNEY, C.B.** We were pleased to see the familiar face of Brigadier Smeeton, who kindly consented to do a special service on his way through Sydney. By special

request his talk was on the Army's Immigration and Colonization Scheme, and he interested his hearers right to the end. Almost every week there are a number who yield to Christ, and some are becoming brave fighting warriors. Nearly 100 men and women have been out for salvation during the past few months, and we feel encouraged for the number who are standing firm. A "Surprise Meeting" announced lately, developed into a special time for the ladies. A "Bonnet Brigade" amongst the converts (sisters of course) was the "surprise." Keep your eye on them! Another enrolment took place this week. Others are to follow. More anon.—N. R. Trickey.

**500, MICH.** Brigadier Collier was with us all day Sunday, and his meetings were enjoyed by all. Four held up their hands for prayer, but no one yielded. Lieut. Hayhoe has come to help us push on the war.—E. L.

**SPRINGHILL.** Visit of Ensign Campbell, G.D.M. Holy Water. Agent. He gave us a very interesting lantern service on Saturday night entitled "The Way to Heaven. Big crowd; everyone seemed to enjoy it. All day on Sunday hard fighting. Ensign spoke in the afternoon. His subject was "Holy Water." In the evening, "The Great Question." Although we did not see any results, but we believe that sinners were convicted of their wrong. Four held up their hands to be prayed for. The string band gave us a selection in the afternoon, also the brass band. We are going ahead. Ensign Cornish and Capt. Emery are working hard to try and clear off the debt of the new quarters. Everything seems to be going on nicely. Our aim and object is to try and win souls. May God lead us on to victory. Our bandmen got their new commissions for the year. May they do their duty. God bless the Army.—Yours to please Jesus, S. H.

**ST. JOHN V.** We are glad to report five souls since our new Lieutenant arrived. God is still with us. Last Wednesday night we enrolled two new soldiers and commissioned ten new locals. The service was strikingly performed by Adj. Bowering. Last night (Wednesday)



Corps-Cadets Jennie and Carrie Robinson, Essex, Ont.

was an experience meeting. Sergt.-Major Marney, Ensign Green, and Lieut. Rutherford gave their experience, past and present. God's Spirit was mightily felt. Surely such testimonies ought to convince any living man of the power of God. St. John V. is in for victory.—Yours for God and souls, "Patsy."

**TORONTO JUNCTION.** Startling times. The Fifteen Souls. revival in spreading and many souls are getting saved. God was near from knee-drill to finish. The Treasurer's son started the day; truly a child shall lead them. He was only twelve years of age, but realized that God saved him. Two in the afternoon meeting and twelve at night, which made us rejoice with the angels over the victory won. We give to Jesus glory.—Secretary, for Capt. Burgess and Lieut. McCaffrey, C. O's.

**TWEED.** God is working in our midst. Sinners Five Souls. are coming to the fountain. God's people are getting revived. Sunday was a good day, when five souls cried to God for pardon and were gloriously set at liberty. The following Tuesday, March 18th, we were favored with a visit from our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner. A good crowd gathered, and a profitable time was spent together. God's Spirit sent home the truth forcibly to the hearts of the people through the Brigadier's discourse on the straight gate and the narrow way that leads to life, and the broad way that leads to destruction. Many were deeply convicted. One young man yielded to the strivings of the Spirit. We are believing for others, with whom the Spirit is now striving. Three comrades were enrolled under the flag, and more are coming on. We all join in saying, "Come again soon, Brigadier." "God and souls" is our motto.—S. V. A.

**UXBRIDGE.** The Lord has been blessing us in a wonderful way of late. Capt. Curran has been in charge for four months, and some good cases of conversion have occurred. The Captain farwelled on Sunday. The building was crowded

and finances good. The last soldiers' meeting was a never-to-be-forgotten time. One backslider came home after being away for ten years. There is a great work to be done for the Lord in this place.—Edward Pollard, Treas.

**WABANA MINES.** Very glad to report that the Six Souls. work here is progressing favorably. Six souls were saved two Sunday nights ago, and others have accepted Christ also. The prospects are good for our work here, which your unworthy writer has at heart. We can see great things ahead of us, and we are going to reach out for them. Capt. Diamond says so, too.—Wilcox.

**WESTVILLE.** It is a long time since the War One Soul. Cry has heard from Westville, but we are still on the fight. Sunday was a day of blessing. At night one soul sought and found pardon. We have been favored by a visit from Ensign Campbell, T. F. S. On Friday night he gave his lantern service, "The Way to Heaven." Although the weather was very unfavorable a nice crowd turned out. On Saturday night the service was repeated. The Ensign's visit was enjoyed by all present. We are going in for victory, and believing that God shall save the people of Westville.—Observer.

**WOODSTOCK, N.B.** We are having real blood- and-five meetings here. For Ten Souls. the last few weeks we can report ten souls out for salvation, and they were not disappointed. There is conviction stamped upon many faces, but seem to be afraid to come out from God's promises. We are still believing and holding on to God and expect to soon see a big break in the enemy's lines. More faith, comrades. We had to enlarge the platform to make room to hold the soldiers, but this leaves less room for the audience.—J. T. M.

### Farwell to a Comrade.

Brief Sketch of Brother Wilson's Career, Who has Left Brandon for Prince Albert.

Sunday, Feb. 25th, was Bro. John H. Wilson's (our corps correspondent) last Sunday with us, and at the night meeting in the S. A. barracks he read the lesson and in a spirited address he related some of the experiences through which he had passed during the last fifteen years, most of which had been spent in sin and wrong-doing.

Bro. Wilson is a man of sterling qualities of mind and heart, and a staunch Salvationist. He has occupied positions of honor and trust in the Old Land and in this Western country, having been manager of a well-known bank at various important centres of the West. He was a soldier of the Brandon corps in the early days, and some of the comrades with whom he fought sin and the devil fifteen years ago are still enlisted in our ranks, and have stood true to God and our dear Old Army flag.

Bro. Wilson, in the course of time, had to leave Brandon and go West, and we regret to say, gradually drifted from God, and it was not long, associated as he was with "society men" and leading ranchers in a western town, until the drink devil got a very strong hold upon him. He wandered far from God and the paths of rectitude. He tried to reform at different times, and even resorted to the "Gold Cure," in an effort to pull himself up and once again restore himself in the confidence of men who had reposed such implicit faith in him as a business man. Alas! he failed, and plunged deeper into sin. Try as he would, the craving for strong drink came upon him, and he had become such a slave to it that it seemed almost impossible for him to get away from it; but deep down in sin as he was, God lived to help and to snap the chains of sin which had so long enslaved him. At a meeting conducted by our present officers, Capt. and Mrs. Taylor, Bro. Wilson went his way to the cross, and once again cried unto God for pardon and forgiveness for all his wandering. He had become such a slave to sin that it seemed almost impossible for him to get away from it; but deep down in sin as he was, God lived to help and to snap the chains of sin which had so long enslaved him. At a meeting conducted by our present officers, Capt. and Mrs. Taylor, Bro. Wilson went his way to the cross, and once again cried unto God for pardon and forgiveness for all his wandering. He had become such a slave to sin that it seemed almost impossible for him to get away from it; but deep down in sin as he was, God lived to help and to snap the chains of sin which had so long enslaved him. At a meeting conducted by our present officers, Capt. and Mrs. Taylor, Bro. Wilson went his way to the cross, and once again cried unto him the joys of God's salvation. What a rejoicing in heaven that a wanderer had returned to the fold. He has stood true to God ever since, and his life has indeed been a blessing to many of the comrades of Brandon corps, as well as to people outside our ranks.

He left here Monday night, Feb. 26th, for Prince Albert, Sask., whither he went to take a position of honor and trust, having been appointed Secretary of the Board of Trade of that city.

His dear wife and family have been living in Prince Albert, Sask., some months, while Brother Wilson perforce had to be separated from them, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, and his going there enables him to once again join his family.

He has gone from us, and we keenly feel his loss. He has left a gap in our ranks hard to fill. God has indeed wrought a marvelous change in his life during the last few months. To God be all the glory.

The comrades of our corps wish him God-speed, and pray and trust God may richly bless him, and make him a tower of strength at Prince Albert. Chas. H. Bryce.

Ensign Bloss has had a change of work. He no longer travels round the country, but is engaged in making arrangements for other people's travelling. He is in the Immigration Office.





**The Western Brother Speaks.**

AND

## 'OUR OWN MAKE'

## Brass and Silver-Plated

# INSTRUMENTS

**The Trade Secretary, S. H. Temple, Toronto, Ont.**



# MISSING FRIENDS

**To Parents, Relations and Friends :**

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioner Thomas H. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

5301. McNAUGHTON, JAMES. Left home five years ago. Last heard from at Fairbanks, Alaska. Age 27 years, height 5ft. 9in., blue eyes, fair complexion, light brown hair. There is something to his advantage should he be found.

5302. ANDERSON, DONALD. Missing since Sep-  
tember 22nd, 1902. Last known address, Slocan City,  
B.C.

5305. CHIDDENTON, JOHN. Left London, Eng. about twenty-three years ago. Last known address 314 East 104th St. New York City, U.S.A., in 1893.

5307. PARKER, EMMA. Used to be in the work up till 1898. Last known address, Tillsonburg, Ont. Friends in the Old Country enquire.

5288. COX, ARTHUR EDWARD. Left Montreal about 15th of September, 1905. Age 43 years, dark hair, dark eyes, pale complexion, left leg slightly

5309. MONTGOMERY, WILLIAM FRED. Came to Canada on the 26th of April 1905, by the S.S.

out to Canada on the 26th of April, 1908, by the S.S. Vancouver. On arrival went to Mr. Black, of Fergus, Ont., where he remained until August 12th. Has not been heard of since. Height 5ft. 9in., fresh complexion, dark hair, age 38 years. His wife in England is broken-hearted.

5278. JACKSON  
HOWARD, of An  
napolis, Nov  
Scotia. Missin  
about ten year  
May have gone t  
Boston, Mass. U  
S. A. (Four in  
section)

5273. BOWERS, WILLIAM, who left Oshawa with George Taylor on Oct. 30th, 1905, is requested to communicate with his wife, from whom he will hear something to his advantage.

# SONGS OF THE WEEK.

## HOLINESS.

Tune.—None of Self (N.B.B. 149).

1 Lord, I come to Thee beseeching  
For a heart-renewing here,  
Up to Thee my hands are stretching,  
After Thee my heart is reaching.  
Saviour, in Thy power draw near.

Holy Spirit, come, revealing  
What has hindered my success,  
Tis Thy light, Lord, I'm appealing,  
I am here to seek Thy healing,  
Thou art here to save and bless.

Though thy light some pain is bringing,  
Thou art answering my prayer,  
To Thy promises I'm clinging;  
At Thy cross myself I'm flinging,  
For the blood is flowing there.

'Tis the blood—oh, wondrous river!  
Now its power has touched my soul!  
'Tis the blood from sin can sever,  
'Tis the blood that doth deliver,  
Here and now it makes me whole!

## THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

2 The cross that He gave may be heavy,  
But it ne'er outweighs His grace;  
The storm that I feared may surround me,  
But it ne'er excludes His face.

### Chorus.

The cross is not greater than His grace;  
The storm cannot hide His blessed face;  
I'm satisfied to know that with Jesus here below,  
I shall conquer every foe.

The thorns in my path are not sharper  
Than those which crown His head for me;  
The cup which I drink not more bitter  
Than He drank in Gethsemane.

His will I have joy in fulfilling,  
As I'm walking in His sight,  
My all to the blood I am bringing,  
It alone can keep me right.

## WONDERFUL LOVE.

Tune.—N.B.B. 298.

3 Jesus came to save my ransom to be;  
Oh, it was wonderful love!  
For out of the Father's heart He came  
To die for me on the cross of shame,  
To set me free; He took the blame;  
—Oh, it was wonderful love!

### Chorus.

Wonderful, wonderful love,  
Coming to me on heaven above;  
Filling me, thrilling me, through and through,  
Oh, it was wonderful love!

All my iniquities on Him were laid;  
Oh, it was wonderful love!  
For me, ere I knew Him, in pity He prayed.  
The price of my pardon with His life-blood He paid,  
A path to heaven for me He made;  
—Oh, it was wonderful love!

Still, as I tell it, my heart will o'erflow;  
Oh, it was wonderful love!  
I cannot repay Him the debt that I owe,  
But daily more precious to me He does grow;  
And still each day, I long to know  
More of His wonderful love.

## MY BLESSED JESUS.

Tune.—Molly, My Irish Molly.

4 Sinner dear, and did you hear  
The news that's going round?  
Christ died on Calvary that you  
In sin should not be found.  
Oh, plunge into the cleansing tide  
That washes white as snow,  
And through this world rejoicing go,  
With a heaven here-below.

### Chorus.

Jesus, my blessed Jesus,  
O dearest Saviour mine!  
My heart is filled with rapture,  
My dearest Saviour, I know I'm Thine.  
'Tis good to love and serve Thee,  
Help me, Lord, to be true,  
Fill my heart with joy and love,  
Dear Saviour, from Thy home above,  
My blessed Saviour, do.

Sinner dear, and did you hear  
There's joy within my heart?  
Since Jesus came with me to dwell  
From Him I'll never part.  
I've plunged into the cleansing flood,  
It's filled my heart with love;  
Throughout my life I'll serve Him here,  
And then praise Him above.  
J. W. Mowbray, Winnipeg.

## SAW YE MY SAVIOUR?

Tune.—Come to the Saviour (N.B.B. 232).

5 Saw ye my Saviour? Saw ye my Saviour?  
Saw ye my Saviour and God?  
He died on Calvary  
To atone for you and me,  
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

### Chorus.

I do believe it, I do believe it,  
I'm saved through the blood of the Lamb!  
My happy soul is free,  
For the Lord has pardoned me;  
Hallelujah to Jesus' name!

He was extended, he was extended,  
Shamefully nailed to the cross,  
He bowed His head and died!  
Thus my Lord was crucified  
To atone for a world that was lost.

There as my Surety, there as my Surety,  
Jesus, my Lord, do I see;  
On Him my sins were laid,  
And for me the debt was paid,  
When He groaned and expired on the tree.

## JESUS PASSING BY.

Tune.—Ye Banks and Braes (N.B.B. 121).

6 What means this eager, anxious throng,  
Which moves in busy haste along—  
These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
What means this strange commotion, pray?  
In accents hushed the throng reply:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Jesus: "Tis He who once below  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept His proffered grace.  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh—  
Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

But if ye still this call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!"

## DOWN IN THE GARDEN.

Tune.—N.B.B. 28.

7 Dark was the hour, Gethsemane,  
When through thy walls was heard  
The lonely Man of Galilee,  
Still pleading with the Lord.

### Chorus.

Down in the Garden,  
Hear that mournful sound;  
There beheld the Saviour weeping,  
Praying on the cold, damp ground.

Alone in sorrow see Him bow,  
As all our griefs He bears;  
Not words may tell His anguish now,  
But sweat, and blood, and tears!

For me He prays, I hear Him pray,  
He will my soul receive;  
Now, Jesus, take my sins away;  
Now, Jesus, I believe.

Can I forget the tears and blood,  
Which through His shed for me?  
They flow a constant, cleansing flood,  
Abundant, rich, and free.

## THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Welcomes Meetings to the New Provincial Officer,  
BRIGADIER SNEETON.

Nanaimo ..... Thursday, April 12  
Victoria ..... Friday, April 13  
Vancouver ..... Sunday, April 15  
New Westminster ..... Monday, April 16

# Easter War Cry.

Our Special Easter Number  
will be Dated April 14th.

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF INTERESTING  
READING AND RACY PARAGRAPHS.

A NEW PORTRAIT, FULL PAGE SIZE,  
OF THE GENERAL,

AND THE USUAL EASTER PICTURE,  
BESIDES MANY OTHER CATCHY  
ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE COLORED COVER WILL  
PLEASE YOU.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

# THE COMMISSIONER,

will conduct the

## FAREWELL OF

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Friedrich

at the

Temple, Wednesday, April 18th.

The Commissioner will be supported by the  
Chief Secretary and the T. H. Q. and  
T. H. Staff and Cadets. City corps will  
unite.

The Commissioner will also Unite Under  
the Flag

ENSIGNS TUDGE AND LEMON.

## APPOINTMENTS OF

# The Commissioner

Temple, Good Friday.

DAY AT THE CROSS. UNITED CITY CORPS.  
MRS. COOMBS, T. H. Q. STAFF AND CADETS.

Toronto Junction, Easter Sunday.

3 p.m. HON. J. W. ST. JOHN, SPEAKER OF  
THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE, IN THE  
CHAIR. 7 p.m. "THE SHADOW OF THE  
CROSS."

## COLONEL KYLE,

accompanied by  
STAFF-CAPTAIN FRASER,  
will visit

KINGSTON .. Easter Saturday and Sunday.

## T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. GASKIN will visit  
London, Easter Saturday, Sunday, and Monday;  
Orillia, April 21st and 22nd.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH will visit St.  
Thomas, Saturday and Sunday, April 7th and  
8th; Temple, Sunday, April 15th; Montreal,  
Thursday, April 15th.

BRIGADIER HOWELL will visit Peterboro, Easter  
Saturday and Sunday.

BRIGADIER BOUTHALL will visit Petrolia, Easter  
Saturday and Sunday.

STAFF-CAPT. MANTON will visit Peterboro from  
April 7th to 10th, inclusive.

STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. ATTWELL will visit Ham-  
ilton I, Easter Saturday and Sunday.

STAFF-CAPT. MILLER will visit Galt, Easter Sat-  
urday and Sunday.

ENSIGN OWEN will visit Parry Sound, Easter Sat-  
urday and Sunday.

ENSIGN OWEN, CAPT. DEBOW and MARDALL  
will visit Galt, Saturday and Sunday, April 7th  
and 8th.

MRS. BLANCHE JOHNSTON, Auxiliary Secretary,  
will visit Lindsay, Easter Sunday; Temple, April  
19th; Lippincott, April 22nd, 7 p.m.